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PROSE AND VERSE
FOR HIGH SCHOOLS
I

PROSE AND VERSE FOR HIGH SCHOOLS

BOOK I

Selected and Edited by

HOSAIN ALIKHAN, B.A. (Oxon.)

Professor of English, Osmania University

AND

V. S. KRISHNAN, B.A. (Oxon.)

Lecturer in English, Osmania University

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HANSEL AND GRETHEL

ONCE upon a time there dwelt near a large wood a poor woodcutter, with his wife and two children by his former marriage, a little boy called Hansel and a girl named Grethel.¹ He had little enough to break or bite; and once, when there was a great famine in the land, he could not procure even his daily bread; and as he lay thinking in his bed one evening, rolling about for trouble, he sighed, and said to his wife: "What will become of us? How can we feed our children, when we have no more than we can eat ourselves?"

"Know, then, my husband," answered she, "we will lead them away, quite early in the morning, into the thickest part of the wood, and there make them a fire, and give them each a little piece of bread; then we will go to our work, and leave them alone, so they will not find the way home again, and we shall be freed from them." "No, wife," replied he, "that I can never do; how can you bring your heart to leave my children all alone in the wood; for the wild beasts will soon come and tear them to pieces!"

"Oh, you simpleton!" said she. "Then we must all four die of hunger; you had better

¹ Pron. "Gray-tel."

plane the coffins for us." But she left him no peace till he consented, saying, "Ah, but I shall regret the poor children."

The two children, however, had not gone to sleep for very hunger, and so they overheard what the stepmother said to their father. Grethel wept bitterly, and said to Hansel, "What will become of us?" "Be quiet, Grethel," said he; "do not cry—I will soon help you." And as soon as their parents had fallen asleep, he got up, put on his coat, and, unbarring the back door, slipped out. The moon shone brightly, and the white pebbles which lay before the door seemed like silver pieces, they glittered so brightly. Hansel stooped down, and put as many into his pocket as it would hold; and then, going back, he said to Grethel, "Be comforted, dear sister, and sleep in peace; God will not forsake us." And so saying, he went to bed again.

The next morning, before the sun arose, the wife went and awoke the two children. "Get up, you lazy things; we are going into the forest to chop wood." Then she gave them each a piece of bread, saying, "There is something for your dinner; do not eat it before the time, for you will get nothing else". Grethel took the bread in her apron, for Hansel's pocket was full of pebbles; and so they all set out upon their way. When they had gone a little distance,

Hansel stood still, and peeped back at the house; and this he repeated several times, till his father said, "Hansel, what are you peeping at, and why do you lag behind? Take care, and remember your legs".

"Ah, father," said Hansel, "I am looking at my white cat sitting upon the roof of the house, and trying to say good-bye." "You simpleton!" said the wife. "That is not a cat; it is only the sun shining on the white chimney." But in reality Hansel was not looking at a cat; but every time he stopped, he dropped a pebble out of his pocket upon the path.

When they came to the middle of the forest, the father told the children to collect wood, and he would make them a fire, so that they should not be cold. So Hansel and Grethel gathered together quite a little mountain of twigs. Then they set fire to them; and as the flame burnt up high, the wife said, "Now, you children, lie down near the fire, and rest yourselves, whilst we go into the forest and chop wood; when we are ready, I will come and call you".

Hansel and Grethel sat down by the fire, and when it was noon, each ate¹ the piece of bread; and because they could hear the blows of an axe, they thought their father was near: but it was not an axe, but a branch which he

¹ Pron. "et".

had bound to a withered tree, so as to be blown to and fro by the wind. They waited so long that at last their eyes closed from weariness, and they fell fast asleep. When they awoke, it was quite dark, and Grethel began to cry, "How shall we get out of the wood?" But Hansel tried to comfort her by saying, "Wait a little while till the moon rises, and then we will quickly find the way". The moon soon shone forth, and Hansel, taking his sister's hand, followed the pebbles which glittered like new-coined silver pieces, and showed them the path. All night long they walked on, and as day broke they came to their father's house. They knocked at the door, and when the wife opened it, and saw Hansel and Grethel, she exclaimed, "You wicked children! why did you sleep so long in the wood? We thought you were never coming home again". But their father was very glad, for it had grieved his heart to leave them all alone.

Not long afterwards there was again great scarcity in every corner of the land; and one night the children overheard their mother saying to their father, "Everything is again consumed; we have only half a loaf left, and then the song is ended: the children must be sent away. We will take them deeper into the wood, so that they may not find the way out again; it is the only means of escape for us".

But her husband felt heavy at heart, and thought, "It were better to share the last crust with the children". His wife, however, would listen to nothing that he said, and scolded and reproached him without end.

He who says A must say B too; and he who consents the first time must also the second.

The children, however, had heard the conversation as they lay awake, and as soon as the old people went to sleep Hansel got up intending to pick up some pebbles as before; but the wife had locked the door, so that he could not get out. Nevertheless he comforted Grethel, saying, "Do not cry; sleep in quiet; the good God will not forsake us".

Early in the morning the stepmother came and pulled them out of bed, and gave them each a slice of bread, which was still smaller than the former piece. On the way, Hansel broke his in his pocket, and, stopping every now and then, dropped a crumb¹ upon the path. "Hansel, why do you stop and look about?" said the father. "Keep in the path." "I am looking at my little dove," answered Hansel, "nodding a good-bye to me." "Simpleton!" said the wife, "that is no dove, but only the sun shining on the chimney." But Hansel still kept dropping crumbs as he went along.

¹ Pron. "crum" (b is silent)

The mother led the children into the wood, where they had never been before, and there, making an immense fire, she said to them, "Sit down here and rest, and when you feel tired you can sleep for a little while. We are going into the forest to hew wood, and in the evening, when we are ready, we will come and fetch you".

When noon came Grethel shared her bread with Hansel, who had strewn¹ his on the path. Then they went to sleep; but the evening arrived and no one came to visit the poor children, and in the dark night they awoke, and Hansel comforted his sister by saying, "Only wait, Grethel, till the moon comes out, then we shall see the crumbs of bread which I have dropped, and they will show us the way home". The moon shone and they got up, but they could not see any crumbs, for the thousands of birds which had been flying about in the woods and fields had picked them all up. Hansel kept saying to Grethel, "We will soon find the way"; but they did not, and they walked the whole night long and the next day, but still they did not come out of the wood; and they got very hungry, for they had nothing to eat but the berries which they found upon the bushes. Soon they got so tired that they could not drag themselves along, so they lay down under a tree and went to sleep.

¹ Pron. "stroon."

It was now the third morning since they had left their father's house, and they still walked on; but they only got deeper and deeper into the wood, and Hansel saw that if help did not come very soon they would die of hunger. As soon as it was noon they saw a beautiful snow-white bird sitting upon a bough, which sang so sweetly that they stood still and listened to it. It soon left off, and spreading its wings flew off; and they followed it until it arrived at a cottage, upon the roof of which it perched; and when they went close up to it they saw that the cottage was made of bread and cakes, and the window-panes were of clear sugar.

"We will go in there," said Hansel, "and have a glorious feast. I will eat a piece of the roof, and you can eat the window. Will they not be sweet?" So Hansel reached up and broke a piece off the roof, in order to see how it tasted; while Grethel stepped up to the window and began to bite it. Then a sweet voice called out in the room, "Tip-tap, tip-tap, who raps at my door?" and the children answered, "The wind, the wind, the child of heaven"; and they went on eating without interruption. Hansel thought the roof tasted very nice, and so he tore off a great piece; while Grethel broke a large round pane out of the window, and sat down quite contentedly.

Just then the door opened, and a very old woman, walking upon crutches, came out. Hansel and Grethel were so frightened that they let fall what they had in their hands; but the old woman, nodding her head, said, "Ah, you dear children, what has brought you here? Come in and stop with me, and no harm shall befall you"; and so saying she took them both by the hand, and led them into her cottage. A good meal of milk and pancakes, with sugar, apples, and nuts, was spread on the table, and in the back room were two nice little beds, covered with white, where Hansel and Grethel laid themselves down, and thought themselves in heaven.

The old woman behaved very kindly to them, but in reality she was a wicked witch who waylaid children, and built the bread-house in order to entice them in; but as soon as they were in her power, she killed them, cooked and ate them, and made a great festival of the day. Witches have red eyes, and cannot see very far; but they have a fine sense of smell, like wild beasts, so they know when children approach them. When Hansel and Grethel came near the witch's house she laughed wickedly, saying, "Here come two who shall not escape me". And early in the morning, before they awoke, she went up to them, and saw how lovingly they

lay sleeping, with their chubby red cheeks; and she mumbled to herself, "That will be a good bite". Then she took up Hansel with her rough hand, and shut him up in a little cage with a lattice-door; and although he screamed loudly it was of no use. Grethel came next, and, shaking her till she awoke, she said, "Get up, you lazy thing, and fetch some water to cook something good for your brother, who must remain in that stall and get fat; when he is fat enough I shall eat him". Grethel began to cry, but it was all useless, for the old witch made her do as she wished. So a nice meal was cooked for Hansel, but Grethel got nothing but a crab's claw.

Every morning the old witch came to the cage and said, "Hansel, stretch out your finger that I may feel whether you are getting fat". But Hansel used to stretch out a bone, and the old woman, having very bad sight, thought it was his finger, and wondered very much that he did not get more fat. When four weeks had passed, and Hansel still kept quite lean, she lost all her patience, and would not wait any longer. "Grethel," she called out in a passion, "get some water quickly; be Hansel fat or lean, this morning I will kill and cook him." Oh, how the poor little sister grieved, as she was forced to fetch the water, and fast the tears ran down her cheeks! "Dear good

God, help us now!" she exclaimed. "Had we only been eaten by the wild beasts of the wood, then we should have died together." But the old witch called out, "Leave off that noise; it will not help you a bit".

So early in the morning Grethel was forced to go out and fill the kettle, and make a fire. "First, we will bake, however," said the old woman; "I have already heated the oven¹ and kneaded the dough"; and so saying, she pushed poor Grethel up to the oven, out of which the flames were burning fiercely. "Creep in," said the witch, "and see if it is hot enough, and then we will put in the bread"; but she intended when Grethel got in to shut up the oven and let her bake, so that she might eat her as well as Hansel. Grethel perceived what her thoughts were, and said, "I do not know how to do it; how shall I get in?" "You stupid goose," said she, "the opening is big enough. See, I could even get in myself!" and she got up, and put her head into the oven. Then Grethel gave her a push, so that she fell right in, and then shutting the iron door, she bolted it. Oh! how horribly she howled; but Grethel ran away, and left the ungodly witch to burn to ashes.

Now she ran to Hansel, and, opening his door, called out, "Hansel, we are saved; the old witch

¹ Pron. "uvn."

is dead!" So he sprang out, like a bird out of his cage when the door is opened; and they were so glad that they fell upon each other's neck, and kissed each other over and over again. And now, as there was nothing to fear, they went into the witch's house, where in every corner were caskets full of pearls and precious stones. "These are better than pebbles," said Hansel, putting as many into his pocket as it would hold; while Grethel thought, "I will take some home too," and filled her apron full. "We must be off now," said Hansel, "and get out of this enchanted forest"; but when they had walked for two hours they came to a large piece of water. "We cannot get over," said Hansel; "I can see no bridge at all." "And there is no boat either," said Grethel, "but there swims a white duck, I will ask her to help us over"; and she sang,

"Little Duck, good little Duck,
Grethel and Hansel, here we stand;
There is neither stile nor bridge,
Take us on your back to land."

So the Duck came to them, and Hansel sat himself on, and bade¹ his sister sit behind him. "No," answered Grethel, "that will be too much for the Duck, she shall take us over one at a time." This the good little bird did, and

¹ Pron. "bad," rarely "bāde."

when both were happily arrived on the other side, and had gone a little way, they came to a well-known wood, which they knew the better every step they went, and at last they perceived their father's house. Then they began to run, and, bursting into the house, they fell on their father's neck. He had not had one happy hour since he had left the children in the forest: and his wife was dead. Grethel shook her apron, and the pearls and precious stones rolled out upon the floor, and Hansel threw down one handful after the other out of his pocket. Then all their sorrows were ended, and they lived together in great happiness.

Grimms' Fairy Tales

NOTES

THE brothers Jacob Grimm (1785-1863) and Wilhelm Grimm (1786-1859) were great German philologists, but they are known all over the world by their collection of folk tales and fairy stories, collected mainly from the peasants of Germany, Austria and Switzerland. The collection, popularly known as *Grimms' Fairy Tales*, has been translated into almost every European language. All youngsters, and even readers not so young, have delighted in the stories of "The Sleeping Beauty", "The Swans", and "Tom Thumb", and the volume contains mainly others that are almost equally well known.

to break or bite: to eat. "To break bread" means "to partake of food". The expression is very common in the Bible.

rolling about for trouble: the word "for" has the meaning of "because of".

plane the coffins: "to plane" means to smooth a wooden surface with a plane, a tool used by carpenters. So, "to plane the coffins" means "to make the coffins ready".

then the song is ended: a colloquial expression meaning "then all is over".

it were better: it would be better. "Were" is in the subjunctive mood.

He who . . . B also: an idiom which is explained in the second part of the sentence.

stall (pron. "stawl"): part of a stable in which one animal is kept. Here a small room like a stall.

leave off: "to cease" or "discontinue". Distinguish between "off" (adv.) and "of" (prepn.): the latter is pronounced "ov".

kneaded the dough: mixed the flour with water and worked it up into a paste. (Pronounce "dough" as "doh", to rhyme with "go".)

ungodly witch: "Ungodly" used in the sense of "wicked" or "sinful".

stile: a barred opening in a fence, other than a gate, allowing people to get across, but not animals.

Words and Phrases.

1. Write sentences of your own, using the following words:
plane (vb.), overhear, simpleton, scarcity, crumb, strew, stall, knead, ungodly.
2. Use the following phrases in your own sentences:
to lag behind, to break bread, to leave off, "he who says A must say B too", to be off.

Exercises.

1. Describe how the parents of Hansel and Grethel tried to dispose of them.
2. What do you gather about witches and their way of life? Can you think of any other story about a witch?
3. How did Hansel and Grethel escape from the witch's house?

THE MOCK TURTLE'S STORY

"ONCE," said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, "I was a real Turtle."

These words were followed by a very long silence, broken only by an occasional exclamation of "Hjckrrh!" from the Gryphon, and the constant heavy sobbing of the Mock Turtle. Alice was very nearly getting up and saying "Thank you, sir, for your interesting story", but she could not help thinking there must be more to come, so she sat still and said nothing.

"When we were little," the Mock Turtle went on at last, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, "we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle—we used to call him Tortoise¹——"

"Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?" Alice asked.

"We called him Tortoise because he taught us," said the Mock Turtle angrily. "Really you are very dull!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question," added the Gryphon; and then they both sat silent and looked at poor Alice, who felt ready to sink into

¹ Pron. "tortus".

the earth. At last the Gryphon said to the Mock Turtle, "Drive on, old fellow! Don't be all day about it!" and he went on in these words:

"Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn't believe it——"

"I never said I didn't!" interrupted Alice.

"You did," said the Mock Turtle.

"Hold your tongue!" added the Gryphon, before Alice could speak again. The Mock Turtle went on:

"We had the best of educations—in fact, we went to school every day——"

"*I've* been to a day-school, too," said Alice; "you needn't be so proud as all that."

"With extras?" asked the Mock Turtle a little anxiously.

"Yes," said Alice. "We learned French and music."

"And washing?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Certainly not!" said Alice indignantly.

"Ah! then yours wasn't a really good school," said the Mock Turtle in a tone of great relief. "Now at *ours* they had at the end of the bill, 'French, music, *and washing*—extra.'"

"You couldn't have wanted it much," said Alice, "living at the bottom of the sea."

"I couldn't afford to learn it," said the Mock Turtle with a sigh. "I only took the regular course."

“What was that?” inquired Alice.

“Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with,” the Mock Turtle replied; “and then the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision.”

“I never heard of ‘Uglification,’” Alice ventured to say. “What is it?”

The Gryphon lifted up both its paws in surprise. “Never heard of uglifying!” it exclaimed. “You know what to beautify is, I suppose?”

“Yes,” said Alice doubtfully; “it means—to—make—anything—prettier.”

“Well, then,” the Gryphon went on, “if you don’t know what to uglify is, you are a simpleton.”

Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it, so she turned to the Mock Turtle, and said, “What else had you to learn?”

“Well, there was Mystery,” the Mock Turtle replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers. “—Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography: then Drawling—the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week: he taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils.”

“What was *that* like?” said Alice.

“Well, I can’t show it you myself,” the Mock Turtle said: “I’m too stiff. And the Gryphon never learnt it.”

"Hadn't time," said the Gryphon: "I went to the Classical master, though. He was an old crab, *he* was."

"I never went to him," the Mock Turtle said with a sigh: "he taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say."

"So he did, so he did," said the Gryphon, sighing in his turn: and both creatures hid their faces in their paws.

"And how many hours a day did you do lessons?" said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

"Ten hours the first day," said the Mock Turtle: "nine the next, and so on."

"What a curious plan!" exclaimed Alice.

"That's the reason they're called lessons," the Gryphon remarked: "because they lessen from day to day."

This was quite a new idea to Alice, and she thought it over a little before she made her next remark. "Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday."

"Of course it was," said the Mock Turtle.

"And how did you manage on the twelfth?" Alice went on eagerly.

"That's enough about lessons," the Gryphon interrupted in a very decided tone.

LEWIS CARROLL

—*Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*

NOTES

LEWIS CARROLL is the pen-name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (1832-1898) who was for a long time lecturer in mathematics at Oxford. His stories for children are extremely popular, and appeal not only to children but to grown-up people also. His best-known work is *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* with its sequel, *Through the Looking-Glass*. In the former, Alice, a little girl, dreams that she pursues a White Rabbit down a hole, and there has many strange adventures. She meets a number of absurd characters, such as the Duchess, the March Hare, the Mad Hatter and the Mock Turtle. This extract gives an amusing account of the Mock Turtle's education.

Notice the examples of plays upon words (or "puns")—"reeling" for "reading"; "drawling" for "drawing", etc.—which help to add to the absurdity of the story. The name Mock Turtle is in itself funny, as it suggests mock-turtle soup, which is soup made out of calf's head, and not out of real turtle.

Gryphon (also spelt, griffon, griffin): a fabulous creature with lion's body and eagle's head.

flappers: the fins on the sides of a turtle, with which it swims.

conger-eel: a long, snake-like fish.

"Drawling . . . coils": i.e. "drawing, sketching, and painting in oils".

Laughing and Grief: i.e. Latin and Greek.

Exercises.

1. Give the meaning of the following words:
indignant, simpleton, flapper, conger-eel.
2. Explain the following phrases:
to be all day about it, to sink into the earth.
3. Write down the pairs of words to illustrate the Mock Turtle's puns. E.g. Tortoise—taught us; writhing—writing; etc.
4. Put into indirect speech the conversation between Alice and the Mock Turtle, beginning "We had the best of educations . . ." to "Yours wasn't a really good school".

ANCIENT INDIAN UNIVERSITIES

THE zealous work of historians, archaeologists and other research scholars has brought to light many things about Ancient India which would otherwise have remained buried in oblivion. Excavations have resulted in many relics of the past, some nearly 5,000 years old, being unearthed, and these help us to understand something of India's civilisation in the days gone by.

About the sixth century B.C. Taxila was the chief centre of learning in India. Taxila was situated near Sarai-Kala, twenty miles north-west of Rawalpindi. Students from the various parts of India and from foreign countries flocked to this famous University to receive higher education. It is said that sixteen different subjects were taught in the University, each under the charge of a renowned professor who specialised in his subject. The fame of Taxila continued until Alexander the Great invaded India and received the submission of Taxila in 326 B.C. We learn that the city was then very wealthy and well-governed. Under Asoka the Great, in whose extensive empire Taxila was

subsequently included, we find it still the chief seat of learning. Vincent Smith, when describing the condition of India under Asoka, says: "The sons of people of all the upper classes, chiefs, Brahmans and merchants flocked to Taxila, as to a University town, in order to study the circle of Indian arts and sciences, especially medicine." After Asoka's death, Taxila asserted its independence. But soon after this Taxila's evil days began, and it fell a prey to the invading forces of the Greeks, the Sakas, the Parthians, the Kushans in turn. Lastly, the Huns gave Taxila its death-blow. When Hiuen Tsang visited Taxila in the seventh century A.D., he found most of the monasteries in a state of ruin and desolation.

Many of the ruins of Taxila have been unearthed—palaces, monasteries, statues, etc. These all speak eloquently of India's glorious past, and are a source of inspiration for the future.

Later on, the seat of learning shifted from the North to the East, and Nalanda, in Bihar, became India's most famous centre of education. A magnificent University sprang up. It is said that Kumara Gupta I, was the founder of the Nalanda University, and Skanda Gupta, Pura Gupta, Narasimha Gupta, Kumara Gupta II and King Harsha were some of its patrons. So famous did it become that in later days

scholars would even usurp the name of "Nalanda Brother" in order to be treated with respect wherever they went.

Whatever may be the exact date of the founding of the University of Nalanda, it was already an important place in the time of Buddha. Here he stayed for some time, discussing with the learned professors such subjects as the nature of upright conduct, of earnest contemplation and of intelligence. There is even a theory that the name Nalanda was derived from the title Na-alam-da (Insatiable in Giving) bestowed upon Buddha in an earlier existence. Other theories, however, offer different explanations of its name.

The Chinese traveller, Hiuen Tsang, gives a vivid description of the University. He speaks of "its richly adorned towers, and the fairy-like turrets . . . its cloud-touching observatories . . . the deep translucent ponds, bearing on their surface the blue lotus, intermingled with Kanaka flowers of a deep red colour . . . the shady Amra groves . . . the four-storied priests' chambers, with dragon projections and coloured eaves, their roofs covered with tiles that reflect the light in a thousand shades". All this wonderful collection of halls and monasteries, corridors, and libraries was surrounded by a high wall in which was only one gate, guarded by an official known as the Dvara Pandita.

In the seventh century A.D. another Chinese traveller, I-Tsing, came to Nalanda and studied there for many years. Hiuen Tsang's description covers the time when his fellow-countryman was studying there. At that time there was no Matriculation examination, but the would-be student had to answer a number of questions



RUINS OF NALANDA UNIVERSITY

put to him by the guardian of the gate. So difficult were the questions that only two or three out of every ten candidates were able to pass, and even they, when they got inside, were awed by the superior wisdom of those who were already studying there.

Even before entering the University, every student had had to study Grammar, Logic and Metaphysics. Once admitted, he entered upon

a course of study not only by listening to the addresses delivered every day from the many "pulpits" in the building, but by discussions in private with his own tutor. In this way he acquired wisdom as well as knowledge, and the pupils who became most famous had their names inscribed upon lofty gates for all to see. When the time came to leave the University some became monks, but others carried their wisdom to the King's Court, seeking appointments in the King's service.

For many years the University received liberal patronage at the hands of the Pala Kings, who were then ruling in Bihar. However, through time a rival University arose to which much of the royal patronage was transferred. The buildings at Nalanda began to be dilapidated, and no money was forthcoming to renew them. By the end of the twelfth century A.D. it had ceased to function, and soon all its beauties were buried under the earth and vegetation that encroached whenever man withdrew. One of the mottoes of Nalanda ran thus: "Conquer anger by pardon; conquer a bad man by good deeds; conquer a miser by giving him more; and conquer a liar by truth." Surely this is a motto which might well be offered to every school and college where men and women are being trained to take their due place in the life of their community.

Hiuen Tsang (also spelt Yuan Chwang): a famous Chinese traveller who reached India in A.D. 630 and visited many places in the country, writing down valuable records of what he saw.

Nalanda: the great University town in Bihar founded in the Gupta period.

Kumara Gupta: ruled A.D. 415-454, was the son of the great Chandragupta II.

Skanda Gupta, etc.: the kings of the Gupta dynasty.

King Harsha : Kanauj (A.D. 606-647), the last great emperor of ancient India.

Buddha: Prince Siddharta, the founder of Buddhism, who lived in the fifth century B.C. Buddha = "The Enlightened".

Dvara Pandita: lit. "professor at the gate", i.e. the professor in charge of admissions.

Pala Kings: of Bihar.

Words and Phrases.

1. Give the meanings of the following words:
archæologist, oblivion, excavation, unearth, translucent, patronage, dilapidated.
2. Use the following phrases in sentences of your own:
to fall a prey to, death-blow, would-be (adj.), to enter upon.

Exercises.

1. Give a brief account of the two Universities of Taxila and Nalanda.
2. Write a letter that Hiuen Tsang might have sent to a friend in China describing his first impressions of Nalanda.
3. Explain the motto of Nalanda University.

NOTES

At the time when Athens was the centre of learning and culture in Europe, Taxila, in north-west India, was the seat of a great university famous throughout Asia. It was also the seat of the Greek government of India after Alexander's invasion. Later, in the time of Buddha, the centre of learning shifted eastwards to Nalanda, the ruins of which have recently been excavated. What we know of these two Universities proves that education and culture had reached a very high degree of development in India as early as the sixth century B.C. Scholars from all parts of India and Asia travelled thousands of miles to Taxila and Nalanda in search of knowledge.

This brief description of the two ancient Indian universities is from *Achievement*, by J. H. Mair.

Taxila: a historic town in north-west India. It was the centre of Greek rule in India.

Alexander the Great (356-323 B.C.): the great Macedonian conqueror who invaded India 327-325 B.C.

Asoka: the Emperor of India from 273 to 232 B.C.

Vincent Smith: the well-known historian who is considered an authority on ancient Indian history. His *Oxford History of India from the Earliest Times to 1911*, is a standard work.

the Sakas: a nomadic tribe of barbarians who invaded India in the first century B.C. and established themselves west of Kandahar.

the Parthians: a people of central western Asia, once subjects of the Greeks. Under the great king Mithridates they became powerful and invaded India among other countries.

Kushans: an Indo-Scythian race who set up a dynasty that ruled in northern India. King Kanishka was their most famous ruler.

Huns: a race of barbarians of central Asia who ravaged India in the fifth century A.D.

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THE LILLIPUTIANS

I THEN advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remember to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awaked, it was just day-light. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir: for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs.

I could only look upwards, the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving

on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when, bending my eyes downwards as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow¹ and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the meantime, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill, but distinct voice, *Hekinah degul*: the others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant.

I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness: at length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and at the same time with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left

¹ Pron. "bō".

side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches.

But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud *Tolgo phonac*; when in an instant I felt about an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not) and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a-groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides, but, by good luck, I had on a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce.

I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself: and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest armies they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed

I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it: from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable.

But I should have mentioned, that before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, *Langro dehul san*: (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me). Whereupon immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could

observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness.

I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand, and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently on my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The Hurgo (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learnt) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the King's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark.

I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as

fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They found, by my eating, that a small quantity would not suffice me; and being a most ingenious people, they slung up with great dexterity one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious.

They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more, but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times as they did at first: *Hekinah degul*. They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *Borach mivola*, and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was an universal shout of *Hekinah degul*. I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst

they could do, and the promise of honour I made them, for so I interpreted my submissive behaviour, soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence.

It seems that upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground after my landing, the Emperor had early notice of it by an express; and determined in council that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night while I slept), that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution perhaps may appear very bold and dangerous; however, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous: for supposing these people had endeavoured to kill me with their spears and arrows while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength, as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians,¹ and arrived to a great perfection

¹ Pron. " —shuns ", (not " —shians ").

in mechanics, by the countenance and encouragement of the Emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince has several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine foot long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set to work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven foot long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels.

The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which it seems set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords of the bigness of packthread were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by many pulleys fastened on the poles, and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told, for, while the whole

operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the Emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped a while to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently: whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my awaking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of that day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on either side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sun-rise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The Emperor, and all his court, came out to

meet us; but his great officers would by no means suffer his Majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped, there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom; which having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as profane, and therefore had been applied to common uses, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away.

In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four foot high, and almost two foot wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window not above six inches from the ground; into that on the left side, the King's smiths conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang on to a lady's watch in Europe and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six and thirty padlocks. Over against this temple, on t'other¹ side of the great highway, at twenty foot distance, there was a turret at least five foot high. Here the Emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that

¹ Pron. "tuther".

above a hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand at several times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders.

But a proclamation was soon issued to forbid it upon pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up, with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people at seeing me rise and walk, are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semi-circle; but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

JONATHAN SWIFT

NOTES

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745) is one of the greatest prose-writers of the eighteenth century. Born and educated in Ireland, he came to England and in 1692 became secretary to Sir William Temple. Here he met the poet Dryden, and became the friend of Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, and others. A great moralist himself, he was a severe critic of society. His best-known works are: *The Battle of the Books*, *A Tale of a Tub*, *Gulliver's Travels*, and *Journal to Stella*. Nearly all his works were published anonymously.

Gulliver's Travels was published in 1726. It is written

in four parts, and narrates the imaginary adventures of a fictitious character, Lemuel Gulliver, a surgeon on a merchant ship. In the first part, the ship is wrecked on the island of Lilliput, the inhabitants of which are six inches high. Everything else in the island, the buildings, roads, weapons, etc., is also proportionately small. The passage here selected describes the first experiences of Gulliver on being cast upon this island.

The work is supposed to have an underlying political satire. But it is so well disguised, and the narrative is so simple, that the story alone appeals strongly to young readers. It is, therefore, often read merely as a tale of adventure.

ligatures: strings, or cords, used for tying. The word is a medical term and therefore is naturally used by a surgeon like Gulliver.

quiver: a case for carrying arrows.

to venture: to undertake a risky action, to put oneself in danger (cf. "adventure").

Hekinah degul; also later, "Tolgo phonac", and "Langro dehul san": Swift has invented a new language for the people of his imaginary island. The first phrase is perhaps an expression of surprise and wonder; the second an order to shoot, and the third a command to release the cords.

loose : students should not confuse this word (used both as adjective and verb) with "*lose*" ("to be deprived of" or "to mislay"). The latter is pronounced "looz", and is spelt with a single "o"; whereas in "loose" the *s* is soft.

buff jerkin : a jacket made of velvety dull-yellow leather of buffalo or ox-hide.

fortune disposed . . . me: avoid the common mistake of using the phrase "dispose off" in sentences like "They disposed off me" which is wrong. ("Of" is pronounced "ov.") It should be "They disposed *of* me".

observing the person : "person" here means "appearance".

many periods of threatening : "periods" means lengthy and high-sounding sentences. The phrase here means "sentences containing threats".

intelligence : "information", "news". (Cf. the expression, "Intelligence Department".)

well dressed : well cooked.

ingenious: clever (but "ingenuous" = "innocent", or "frank").

hogshead: a large cask for storing liquid, usually liquor.
small wine of Burgundy : wine of a light and inferior quality. Burgundy, a region of France, noted for its red wines.

remembrance . . . felt : the pain of the arrows which were shot at him earlier.

by an express : by a specially fast messenger (cf. "express telegram").

countenance: support, encouragement; from the verbal form meaning to encourage or support.

operation . . . performing : "was performing" is an idiomatic form of saying "was being performed". (Cf. "while the house was building" = "was being built".)

soporiferous, or "soporific" : tending to produce sleep.

half-pike: a short spear, consisting of a wooden staff with a sharp steel point at one end.

suffer: to allow or permit (not to be confused with another meaning: to endure).

unnatural murder: "unnatural" is used in the sense "contrary to natural feeling or relationship". "Unnatural murder" would mean the murder of a person to whom one is naturally related; e.g. when parent kills son, or husband kills wife.

four foot high . . . two foot wide, etc.: the singular "foot" as well as the plural form is used in such expressions. Cf. "five pound ten" for £5 10s.

four score and eleven : "score"=twenty. Thus "four score and eleven" is a roundabout way of saying ninety-one.

as melancholy . . . life : "in a more depressed mood than I ever was in my life".

not to be expressed : "beyond the power of description".

Words and Phrases.

1. Compose sentences of your own, using the following words correctly:
reckon, venture, loose (and lose), volley, dispose (of), famish, morsel, intelligence (in different senses), dexterity, ingenious.
2. Use the following phrases in your own sentences:
to be a match for, person of quality, the quality, upon pain of death.

Exercises.

1. Describe the situation in which Gulliver found himself when he awoke on the island.
2. Give a description of Gulliver's appearance as one of the Lilliputians would have given it to a friend.
3. How was Gulliver carried to the town?
4. How did the king of the Lilliputians entertain Gulliver?

ULYSSES IN THE DEN OF THE CYCLOP

COASTING on all that night by unknown and out-of-the-way shores, Ulysses and his followers came by day-break to the land where the Cyclops dwell, a sort of giant shepherds that neither sow nor plough, but the earth untilled produces for them rich wheat and barley and grapes, yet they have neither bread nor wine, nor know the arts of cultivation, nor care to know them: for they live each man to himself, without laws or government, or anything like a state or kingdom, but their dwellings are in caves on the steep heads of mountains, every man's household governed by his own caprice,¹ or not governed at all, their wives and children as lawless as themselves, none caring for others, but each doing as he or she thinks good. Ships or boats they have none, nor artificers to make them, no trade or commerce, or wish to visit other shores; yet they have convenient places for harbours and for shipping. Here Ulysses with a chosen party of twelve followers landed, to explore what sort of men dwelt there, whether hospitable and friendly to strangers, or altogether

¹ Pron. "capréece".

wild and savage, for as yet no dwellers appeared in sight.

The first sign of habitation which they came to was a giant's cave rudely fashioned, but of a size which betokened the vast proportions of its owner, the pillars which supported it being the bodies of huge oaks or pines, in the natural state of the tree, and all about showed more marks of strength than skill in whoever built it. Ulysses entering in, admired the savage contrivances and artless structure of the place, and longed to see the tenant of so outlandish a mansion; but well conjecturing that gifts would have more avail in exacting courtesy, than strength could succeed in forcing it, from such a one as he expected to find the inhabitant, he resolved to flatter his hospitality with a present of Greek wine, of which he had store in twelve great vessels; so strong that no one ever drank it without an infusion of twenty parts of water to one of wine, yet the fragrance of it even then so delicious, that it would have vexed a man who smelled it to abstain from tasting it; but whoever tasted it, it was able to raise his courage to the height of heroic deeds. Taking with them a goat-skin flagon full of this precious liquor, they ventured into the recesses of the cave. Here they pleased themselves a whole day with beholding the giant's

kitchen, where the flesh of sheep and goats lay strewed, his dairy where goat-milk stood ranged in troughs and pails, his pens where he kept his live animals; but those he had driven forth to pasture with him when he went out in the morning. While they were feasting their eyes with a sight of these curiosities, their ears were suddenly deafened with a noise like the falling of a house. It was the owner of the cave who had been abroad all day feeding his flock, as his custom was, in the mountains, and now drove them home in the evening from pasture. He threw down a pile of firewood, which he had been gathering against supper-time, before the mouth of the cave, which occasioned the crash they heard. The Grecians hid themselves in the remote parts of the cave, at sight of the uncouth monster. It was Polyphemus, the largest and savagest of the Cyclops, who boasted himself to be the son of Neptune. He looked more like a mountain crag than a man, and to his brutal body he had a brutish mind answerable. He drove his flock, all that gave milk, to the interior of the cave, but left the rams and the he-goats without. Then taking up a stone so massy that twenty oxen could not have drawn it, he placed it at the mouth of the cave, to defend the entrance, and sat him down to milk his ewes and his goats; which done, he lastly kindled a fire, and

throwing his great eye round the cave (for the Cyclops have no more than one eye, and that placed in the midst of their forehead), by the glimmering light he discerned some of Ulysses' men.

"Ho! guests, what are you? merchants or wandering thieves?" he bellowed out in a voice which took from them all power of reply, it was so astounding.

Only Ulysses summoned resolution to answer, that they came neither for plunder nor traffic, but were Grecians who had lost their way, returning from Troy; which famous city, under the conduct of Agamemnon, the renowned son of Atreus, they had sacked, and laid level with the ground. Yet now they prostrated themselves humbly before his feet, whom they acknowledged to be mightier than they, and besought him that he would bestow the rites of hospitality upon them, for that Jove was the avenger of wrongs done to strangers, and would fiercely resent any injury which they might suffer.

"Fool," said the Cyclop, "to come so far to preach to me the fear of the gods. We Cyclops care not for your Jove, whom you fable to be nursed by a goat, nor any of your blessed ones. We are stronger than they, and dare bid open battle to Jove himself, though you and all your fellows of the earth join with him." And he

bade¹ them tell him where their ship was, in which they came, and whether they had any companions. But Ulysses, with a wise caution, made answer that they had no ship or companions, but were unfortunate men whom the sea, splitting their ship in pieces, had dashed upon his coast, and they alone had escaped. He replied nothing, but gripping two of the nearest of them, as if they had been no more than children, he dashed their brains out against the earth, and (shocking to relate) tore in pieces their limbs, and devoured them, yet warm and trembling, making a lion's meal of them, lapping the blood: for the Cyclops are man-eaters, and esteem human flesh to be a delicacy far above goat's or kid's; though by reason of their abhorred customs few men approach their coast except some stragglers, or now and then a ship-wrecked mariner. At a sight so horrid Ulysses and his men were like distracted people. He, when he had made an end of his wicked supper, drained a draught of goat's milk down his prodigious² throat, and lay down and slept among his goats. Then Ulysses drew his sword, and half resolved to thrust it with all his might in at the bosom of the sleeping monster; but wiser thoughts restrained him, else they had there without help all perished, for none but

¹ Pron. "bad" (seldom "bāde"). ² Pron. "prodijus".

Polyphemus himself could have removed that mass of stone which he had placed to guard the entrance. So they were constrained to abide all that night in fear.

When day came the Cyclop awoke, and kindling a fire, made his breakfast of two other of his unfortunate prisoners, then milked his goats as he was accustomed, and pushing aside the vast stone, and shutting it again when he had done, upon the prisoners, with as much ease as a man opens and shuts a quiver's lid, he let out his flock, and drove them before him with whistlings (as sharp as winds in storms) to the mountains.

Then Ulysses, of whose strength or cunning the Cyclop seems to have had as little heed as of an infant's, being left alone, with the remnant of his men which the Cyclop had not devoured, gave manifest proof how far manly wisdom excels brutish force. He chose a stake from among the wood which the Cyclop had piled up for firing, in length and thickness like a mast, which he sharpened and hardened in the fire, and selected four men, and instructed them what they should do with this stake, and made them perfect in their parts.

When the evening was come, the Cyclop drove home his sheep; and as fortune directed it, either of purpose, or that his memory was overruled by the gods to his hurt (as in the

issue it proved), he drove the males of his flock, contrary to his custom, along with the dams into the pens. Then shutting-to the stone of the cave, he fell to his horrible supper. When he had dispatched two more of the Grecians, Ulysses waxed bold with the contemplation of his project, and took a bowl of Greek wine, and merrily dared the Cyclop to drink.

“Cyclop,” he said, “take a bowl of wine from the hand of your guest: it may serve to digest the man’s flesh that you have eaten, and shew what drink our ship held before it went down. All I ask in recompense, if you find it good, is to be dismissed in a whole skin. Truly you must look to have few visitors, if you observe this new custom of eating your guests.”

The brute took and drank, and vehemently enjoyed the taste of wine, which was new to him, and swilled again at the flagon, and entreated for more, and prayed Ulysses to tell him his name, that he might bestow a gift upon the man who had given him such brave liquor. The Cyclops (he said) had grapes, but this rich juice (he swore) was simply divine. Again Ulysses plied him with the wine, and the fool drank it as fast as he poured it out, and again he asked the name of his benefactor, which Ulysses cunningly dissembling, said, “My name is Noman: my kindred and friends in my own

country call me Noman". "Then," said the Cyclop, "this is the kindness I will show thee, Noman: I will eat thee last of all thy friends." He had scarce expressed his savage kindness, when the fumes of the strong wine overcame him, and he reeled down upon the floor and sank into a dead sleep.

Ulysses watched his time, while the monster lay insensible, and heartening up his men, they placed the sharp end of the stake in the fire till it was heated red-hot, and some god gave them a courage beyond that which they were used to have, and the four men with difficulty bored the sharp end of the huge stake, which they had heated red-hot, right into the eye of the drunken cannibal, and Ulysses helped to thrust it in with all his might, still further and further, with effort, as men bore with an auger, till the scalded blood gushed out, and the eye-ball smoked, and the strings of the eye cracked, as the burning rafter broke in it, and the eye hissed, as hot iron hisses when it is plunged into water.

He, waking, roared with the pain so loud that all the cavern broke into claps like thunder. They fled, and dispersed into corners. He plucked the burning stake from his eye, and hurled the wood madly about the cave. Then he cried out with a mighty voice for his brethren

the Cyclops, that dwelt hard by in caverns upon hills; they, hearing the terrible shout, came flocking from all parts to inquire what ailed Polyphemus? and what cause he had for making such horrid clamours in the night-time to break their sleeps? if his fright proceeded from any mortal? if strength or craft had given him his death's blow? He made answer from within that Noman had hurt him, Noman had killed him, Noman was with him in the cave. They replied, "If no man has hurt thee, and no man is with thee, then thou art alone, and the evil that afflicts thee is from the hand of heaven, which none can resist or help". So they left him and went their way, thinking that some disease troubled him. He, blind and ready to split with the anguish of the pain, went groaning up and down in the dark, to find the doorway, which when he found, he removed the stone, and sat in the threshold, feeling if he could lay hold on any man going out with the sheep, which (the day now breaking) were beginning to issue forth to their accustomed pastures.

But Ulysses, whose first artifice in giving himself that ambiguous name, had succeeded so well with the Cyclop, was not of a wit so gross to be caught by that palpable device. But casting about in his mind all the ways which he could contrive for escape (no less than all their lives

depending on the success), at last he thought of the expedient. He made knots of the osier¹ twigs upon which the Cyclop commonly slept, with which he tied the fattest and fleeci-est of the rams together, three in a rank, and under the belly of the middle ram he tied a man, and himself last, wrapping himself fast with both his hands in the rich wool of one, the fairest of the flock.

And now the sheep began to issue forth very fast, the males went first, the females un-milked stood by, bleating. Still as the males passed, he felt the backs of those fleecy fools, never dreaming that they carried his enemies under their bellies: so they passed on till the last ram came loaded with his wool and Ulysses together. He stopped that ram and felt him, and had his hand once in the hair of Ulysses, yet knew it not, and he chid the ram for being last, and spoke to it as if it understood him, and asked it whether it did not wish that its master had his eye again, which that abominable Noman with his execrable rout had put out, when they had got him down with wine; and he willed the ram to tell him whereabouts in the cave his enemy lurked, that he might dash his brains and strew them about, to ease his heart of that tormenting revenge which rankled in it. After a deal of such foolish talk to the beast he let it go.

¹ Pron. "ōzher".

When Ulysses found himself free, he let go his hold, and assisted in disengaging his friends. The rams which had befriended them they carried off with them to the ships, where their companions with tears in their eyes received them, as men escaped from death. They plied their oars, and set their sails, and when they were got as far off from shore as a voice would reach, Ulysses cried out to the Cyclop: "Cyclop, thou should'st not have so much abused thy monstrous strength, as to devour thy guests. Jove by my hand sends thee requital to pay thy savage inhumanity." The Cyclop heard, and came forth enraged, and in his anger he plucked a fragment of a rock, and threw it with blind fury at the ships. It narrowly escaped lighting upon the bark in which Ulysses sat, but with the fall it raised so fierce an ebb, as bore back the ship till it almost touched the shore. "Cyclop," said Ulysses, "if any ask thee who imposed on thee that unsightly blemish in thine eye, say it was Ulysses, son of Laertes: the king of Ithaca am I called, the waster of cities." Then they crowded sail, and beat the old sea, and forth they went with a forward gale; sad for fore-past losses, yet glad to have escaped at any rate.

—CHARLES LAMB:

Adventures of Ulysses

NOTES

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834). One of the most lovable of English authors, Lamb is best known by his *Essays of Elia* and *Tales from Shakespeare*. Devoted to his ailing sister Mary, herself a writer of amusing light verse and prose, he remained a bachelor, and by his constant care helped her to a great extent to overcome her sad affliction. Lamb calls his *Adventures of Ulysses* (published 1808) "a trifle"; but it is written in his best manner, and has always attracted young readers.

"Ulysses", which is the Latin form of the Greek name Odysseus, was the son of Laertes, king of the island of Ithaca. He took a prominent part in the Trojan war, and on his return from Troy met with many trials and adventures. Homer, the Greek epic poet, narrates the story of the Trojan war in his "Iliad"; and describes in his "Odyssey" the adventures that Ulysses meets with on his return from Troy to Ithaca. Lamb takes his story from Homer, and here tells us how Ulysses and his followers, having escaped from the land of the Lotos-Eaters, were driven to a strange country inhabited by Cyclops, who were one-eyed giants, and, like cannibals, ate men. The narrative describes the clever manner in which Ulysses escaped from the hands of a Cyclop.

rudely fashioned: built in a rough, crude and simple manner. "Rude" has the meaning of "simple".

to raise his courage: compare the expression "Dutch courage", which means "courage excited by drink".

against supper-time: "against" is used in the sense "in preparation for", in expressions like, "to save against a rainy day".

Neptune: in Roman mythology the God of the Sea.

Troy: a city on the Mediterranean coast of Asia Minor, where the Trojan war was fought to recover Helen, who had been carried away by Paris, prince of Troy. Ulysses and his men fought on the side of the Greeks against the Trojans.

Agamemnon: son of Atreus, King of Mycenae, and leader of the Greek army against the Trojans. Helen was the wife of Agamemnon's brother, Menelaus.

Atreus: see note above.

Jove: or Jupiter, is the highest of the gods in Roman mythology. He is identified with the Zeus (pron. "Zuse") of the Greeks. Among other things he stands for public morality and justice.

Cyclops: one-eyed giants; the word is Greek for "round-eye". "Cyclop" and "Cyclops" are both used as singular; the corresponding plurals are "Cyclops" "Cyclopes" or "Cyclopes".

else they had . . . perished: notice the use of "*had*", which is the subjunctive equivalent of "would have" (cf. "with better company, my tale *had* been longer").

quiver: a case for holding arrows.

swilled: drank greedily.

brave liquor: the word "brave" is used in the archaic sense of "fine" or "capital".

plied him . . . wine: "to ply with" (food, etc.) means "to supply a person persistently" with drink or food. Cf. phrase "Carriage plying for hire", i.e. regularly available for hire.

auger: a tool for boring holes in wood (distinguish this from "augur" which, as a noun, means a soothsayer or one who foretells the future, and occurs also as a verb meaning to foretell; whence we have "augury": omen).

osier: (pron. "ōzher") is a kind of willow used for making baskets.

execrable rout: "the hateful crowd of men". "Rout" once meant "a disorderly crowd of persons" or "a party of revellers", but nowadays means "a disorderly retreat".

to crowd sail: to hoist an unusually large number of sails, to increase the speed of the ship.

Words and Phrases.

1. Bring out the meanings of the following words by using them in sentences of your own:

caprice, betoken (distinguish it from "token"), outlandish, infusion, stragglers, wax (verb opp. "wane"), distracted, dissemble, abide (cf. abode), ambiguous, expedient, rankle.

2. Use the following phrases in your own sentences: out of the way, to perfect one's part, in recompense, to cast about (in one's mind), to feast one's eyes, to shut-to.

Exercises.

1. Describe the Cyclops and their way of life.
2. How did Ulysses prove that "manly wisdom excels brutish force"?
3. Why did Ulysses give himself a false name, and how did it help him?
4. Write in indirect speech Ulysses' last words to the Cyclop.

WITH THE PHOTOGRAPHER

"I WANT my photograph taken," I said. The photographer looked at me without enthusiasm. He was a drooping man in a grey suit, with the dim eye of a natural scientist. But there is no need to describe him. Everybody knows what a photographer is like.

"Sit there," he said, "and wait."

I waited an hour. I read the *Ladies' Companion* for 1912, the *Girls' Magazine* for 1902, and the *Infants' Journal* for 1888. I began to see that I had done an unwarrantable thing in breaking in on the privacy of this man's scientific pursuits with a face like mine.

After an hour the photographer opened the inner door.

"Come in," he said severely.

I went into the studio.

"Sit down," said the photographer.

I sat down in a beam of sunlight filtered through a sheet of factory cotton hung against a frosted skylight.

The photographer rolled a machine into the middle of the room and crawled into it from behind.

He was only in a second—just time enough for one look at me—and then he was out again, tearing at the cotton sheet and the window-panes with a hooked stick, apparently frantic for light and air.

Then he crawled back into the machine again and drew a little black cloth over himself. This time he was very quiet in there. I knew that he was praying and I kept still.

When the photographer came out at last, he looked very grave and shook his head.

“The face is quite wrong,” he said.

“I know,” I answered quietly. “I have always known it.”

He sighed.

“I think,” he said, “the face would be better three-quarters full.”

“I’m sure it would,” I said enthusiastically, for I was glad to find that the man had such a human side to him. “So would yours. In fact,” I continued, “how many faces one sees that are apparently hard, narrow, limited, but the minute you get them three-quarters full they get wide, large, almost boundless in——”

But the photographer had ceased to listen. He came over and took my head in his hands and twisted it sideways. I thought he meant to kiss me, and I closed my eyes.

But I was wrong.

He twisted my face as far as it would go and then stood looking at it.

He sighed again.

"I don't like the head," he said.

Then he went back to the machine and took another look.

"Open the mouth a little," he said.

I started to do so.

"Close it," he added quickly.

Then he looked again.

"The ears are *bad*," he said, "droop them a little more. Thank you. Now the eyes. Roll them in under the lids. Put the hands on the knees, please, and turn the face just a little upwards. Yes, that's better. Now just expand the lungs! So! And hump the neck—that's it—and just contract the waist—ha! and twist the hip up towards the elbow—now! I still don't quite like the face, it's just a trifle *too* full, but——"

I swung myself round on the stool.

"Stop," I said with emotion but, I think, with dignity. "This face is *my* face. It is not yours; it is mine. I've lived with it for forty years and I know its faults. I know it's out of drawing; I know it wasn't made for me; but it's *my* face—the only one I have"—I was conscious of a break in my voice, but I went on—"such as it is, I've learned to love it. And

this is my mouth, not yours. These ears are *mine*, and if your machine is too narrow——” Here I started to rise from the seat.

Snick!

The photographer had pulled the string. The photograph was taken. I could see the machine still staggering from the shock.

“I think,” said the photographer, pursing his lips in a pleased smile, “that I caught the features just in a moment of animation.”

“So!” I said bitingly, “features, eh? You didn’t think I could animate them, I suppose? But let me see the picture.”

“Oh, there’s nothing to see yet,” he said. “I have to develop the negative first. Come back on Saturday and I’ll let you see a proof of it.”

On Saturday I went back.

The photographer beckoned me in. I thought he seemed quieter and graver than before. I think, too, there was a certain pride in his manner.

He unfolded the proof of a large photograph and we both looked at it in silence.

“Is it me?” I asked.

“Yes,” he said quietly, “it is you,” and he went on looking at it.

“The eyes,” I said hesitatingly, “don’t look very much like mine.”

“Oh, no,” he answered, “I’ve retouched them; they come out splendidly, don’t they?”

"Fine," I said; "but surely my eyebrows are not like that?"

"No," said the photographer, with a momentary glance at my face, "the eyebrows are removed. We have a process, now—the Delphide—for putting in new ones. You'll notice here where we've applied it to carry the hair away from the brow. I don't like the hair low on the skull."

"Oh, you don't, don't you?" I said.

"No," he went on, "I don't care for it. I like to get the hair clear back to the superficies and make out a new brow line."

"What about the mouth," I said, with a bitterness that was lost on the photographer, "is that mine?"

"It's adjusted a little," he said; "yours is too low. I found I couldn't use it."

"The ears, though," I said, "strike me as a good likeness: they're just like mine."

"Yes," said the photographer thoughtfully, "that's so; but I can fix that all right in the print. We have a process now—the Sulphide—for removing the ears entirely. I'll see if——"

"Listen," I interrupted, drawing myself up and animating my features to their full extent and speaking with a withering scorn that should have blasted the man on the spot. "I came here for a photograph, a picture, something which

—mad though it seems—would have looked like me. I wanted something that would depict my face as Heaven gave it to me, humble though the gift may have been. I wanted something that my friends might keep after my death, to reconcile them to my loss. It seems that I was mistaken. What I wanted is no longer done. Go on, then, with your brutal work. Take your negative, or whatever it is you call it, dip it in sulphide, bromide, oxide, cowhide—anything you like; remove the eyes, correct the mouth, adjust the face, restore the lips, reanimate the necktie and reconstruct the waistcoat. Coat it with an inch of gloss, shade it, emboss it, gild it, till even you acknowledge that it is finished. Then when you have done all that, keep it for yourself and your friends. They may value it. To me it is but a worthless bauble.”

I broke into tears and left.

STEPHEN LEACOCK:

Behind the Beyond

NOTES

STEPHEN LEACOCK (pronounce “Steeven”), born 1869, is one of the most popular writers of humorous stories and sketches. Among his better-known books are: *Nonsense Novels*, *Literary Lapses*, *Behind the Beyond*, etc. Leacock has a quick eye for the ridiculous and funny side of things. His unfailing fund of humour lights up the everyday situations of life, creating pleasant laughter, without any bitter

mockery. Most of us have been victims of the photographer, and have been either pleased or pained at his version of our faces. It is easy, therefore, to appreciate the humour of this account of an experience with the photographer.

I read the 'Ladies' Companion' for 1912 . . . etc.: a humorous reference to the old and out-of-date magazines one finds in a photographer's or hair-dresser's waiting-room.

frosted skylight: an opening in the roof in a photographer's or artist's studio to admit light, covered with frosted glass.

apparently frantic . . . air: humorous description of man adjusting the cotton sheet covering the skylight.

three-quarters full: a portrait of a man, showing three-fourths of the face.

out of drawing: incorrectly drawn.

Is it me?: "me" is strictly wrong grammatically, but is commonly used in colloquial language.

superficies: the top of the face (literal).

bauble: a trifle, a thing of no value.

Words and Phrases.

1. Use the following words in your own sentences:
animation, depict, unwarrantable, bauble.
2. Write sentences, using the following phrases:
to break in, to draw oneself up, out of drawing, withering scorn.

Exercises.

1. Pick out the passages of humour in the text.
2. Give the meanings of:
"animate one's features", "speak with bitterness",
"worthless bauble".
3. Write a humorous account of a visit you may have made to a photographer.

THE LADY WITH THE LAMP

ONE year after the little Princess Victoria, the future Queen of England, was born at Kensington Palace in London, there was born at Florence, in Italy, another little girl, who was to become nearly as famous as the Queen herself. Her parents called her Florence, after her birthplace, and a few years later she came back with her father and mother to live in England. Here at first the little girl and her elder sister were very happy. Her parents had several lovely houses, with pleasant gardens to play in, and all went well. As Florence grew older new ideas came to her. More and more she wanted to help the poor folk who lived nearby; she visited them in their cottages, and she tried to care for them when they were ill. Even as a little girl she had played at games of nursing her dolls, or bandaging her dog when it was hurt, and now she wanted to be a real nurse herself when she was grown up.

This was a great shock to her father and mother, for in those days there were hardly any good nurses such as we have to-day. The sick folk were looked after by anyone who

could find time to lend a hand, and often by slovenly¹ old women. So her parents were shocked at the idea. "It was as if I had wanted to be a kitchenmaid," said Florence later.

Florence Nightingale, however, was determined that she would not spend her life doing nothing. She felt that she had a real call to be a nurse, and her restless energy helped her at last to wear down her parents' objections. She was now a grown woman, and she began to pay visits to all the hospitals she could reach, just as John Howard had visited the prisons. She spent more than ten years in this sort of work.

In England she saw the great hospitals in London, and then in other parts, and she went to Edinburgh and Dublin. On the Continent she visited France and Germany, and in Egypt she saw a big hospital where the nursing was well done by the Roman Catholic Order of St. Vincent de Paul. Florence Nightingale came back to England feeling that this and other great sisterhoods of the Catholic Church had much to teach the English people in the way of organisation and of devotion to duty.

A little later she visited a training home for nurses which had been started a few years before at Kaiserswerth, in Germany, by a Lutheran clergyman. Here she was herself trained as a

¹ Pron. "sluvenly".

nurse, and so came back to England again ready for her task. Soon after she shook herself free from her family and became the matron of a little hospital for invalid gentlewomen, which had been started in London a few years before.

Now comes the greatest story of her life. So far she was only known to a small group of her own friends; within a few months every one in England was to know and honour her name. A useless war had broken out with England and France as allies of the Turks on the one side, against Russia on the other. Fighting was going on in the Crimea, around the Russian port of Sebastopol.¹ Great hospitals were needed for all the sick and wounded, and these were organised in the suburbs of Constantinople. At home in England people thought things were going well; and in the French hospitals the poor patients were properly cared for by the kindly Sisters of Mercy who nursed them. But in the English hospitals nearby at Scutari there were no nurses, no proper medicines, no clean bed linen, and no fresh clothes for the wounded men.

One morning the contented Englishman, reading his *Times* over his breakfast, had a nasty shock. He saw a letter from the newspaper's correspondent telling of the horrors of the hospitals at Scutari, and ending: "Are there

¹ Pron. "Sibástaple".

“We have not seen a drop of milk,” wrote one of her sisters, “and the bread is extremely sour. The butter is most filthy; it is Irish butter in a state of decomposition, and the meat is more like moist leather than food. Potatoes we are waiting for until they arrive from France.” The hospitals were overcrowded, and another



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

great battle was being fought, which sent hundreds more wounded back to her care.

Here was a great crisis, but Florence Nightingale rose to the opportunity. Within ten days she had organised a laundry, and opened a fine kitchen, which gave the men their food properly cooked. Gradually she got the wards into proper order, buying stores with the money

soldiers' wives and even children went with an army, and for these she organised work and proper housing¹. For the men who were well she had recreation huts, with lectures and coffee bars, much like the Y.M.C.A. of to-day. She also started an office where the soldier could send home some of his pay. The older officers laughed at the idea, for they thought that a soldier would do nothing but squander his money; but she was so successful that the Government had soon to take over the scheme.

At last the war ended, peace was signed, and the soldiers went gradually back to England, but Florence Nightingale did not leave her hospital till the very last man was sent safely home. Then she came back quietly to avoid the public welcome which had been planned. But the Queen honoured her and invited her to Osborne to tell all about her work in the Crimea. England, too, was grateful, and a large sum of money was subscribed as a National Thanksgiving.

Soon Florence Nightingale fell ill from the strain of her long work, and for some time the doctors feared that she would die. At last she recovered, but she was doomed to be an invalid for life, and it seemed that her work was done. But if she was sick in body, her mind was more active than ever, and drove her on from one

¹ Pron. "howzing".

she had from *The Times*, and getting more from England. An amusing story tells how once, when a fussy old officer refused to give her some stores she urgently needed, because they had not been officially "inspected", she gathered her nurses, broke down the doors, and took what she wanted.

With hundreds of men to nurse, and only a few devoted women at hand, all had to work their hardest. But Florence Nightingale worked harder than them all. At times she would have to be on her feet twenty hours at a stretch, receiving new cases, allotting them to the wards, organising the work, and seeing personally to the worst cases. And then at eight o'clock, when all the other nurses left for the night, and the soldier orderlies came on duty, she would go, with her little lamp in her hand, her round of the dim wards. The sick men watched for her with hungry eyes, and almost worshipped "The Lady with the Lamp", as they nicknamed her in their affection. "She would speak to me, and nod and smile to as many more," wrote one of the soldiers, "but she could not do it to all, you know. We lay there by the hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads again on the pillow content."

There were others who claimed her thoughts as well as the sick in the hospitals. In those days

soldiers' wives and even children went with an army, and for these she organised work and proper housing¹. For the men who were well she had recreation huts, with lectures and coffee bars, much like the Y.M.C.A. of to-day. She also started an office where the soldier could send home some of his pay. The older officers laughed at the idea, for they thought that a soldier would do nothing but squander his money; but she was so successful that the Government had soon to take over the scheme.

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¹ Pron. "howzing".

reform to another. Thus her most lasting work was really done from her sick-bed, and not as The Lady with the Lamp.

For years she worked with her friend Sidney Herbert to improve the health of the Army. New hospitals were built in England for the soldiers. Their barracks were made more comfortable and more sanitary, and the whole organisation of the Army was altered to ensure that the soldier was kept well, and that if he fell sick he should be properly nursed back to health again.

So far we have only seen her at work for the soldier, but perhaps her most far-reaching work was for the ordinary people who were ill. By her inspiration and guidance nursing was changed from a clumsy affair of ill-trained and disreputable old women to an honourable profession which needed training and a long apprenticeship. At first she had trained herself, now she was able to found a School for Nurses. With the money that had been given her by the nation she started at St. Thomas's Hospital a Nurses' Training School, which is still known by her name. Here year after year young women were carefully trained, and then went on to work in the hospital, or else to nurse in other places. Gradually all the other hospitals followed suit, until every great hospital had its own training department for nurses.

Then came another step. In the city of Liverpool William Rathbone, who wanted to honour the memory of his wife, had established a district nurse to visit and help the poor in their own homes. But Liverpool was a big place, and there was need for many such nurses. The people of Liverpool came to Florence Nightingale for help. This was a plan near her own heart, for "missionary nursing" was her ideal. "One of the chief aims of a hospital," she wrote, "is to train nurses for nursing the sick at home." With her help there was set up the first Training Home for District Nurses in Liverpool, and soon that city had a nurse for each district. Of course, Manchester followed suit, and the movement spread all over the country, until it was organised, with Queen Victoria as patron, into the Jubilee Nursing Institute.

In yet another way did Florence Nightingale extend the nursing system. The poor folk who were unlucky enough to be so ill that they had to go to the workhouse infirmary were very badly looked after. The old women who acted as "nurses" there were quite unskilled, and often a disgrace. Here again the citizens of Liverpool determined to lead the way. They applied to St. Thomas's Hospital, and obtained the help of Nurse Agnes Jones, a "Nightingale probationer", and a body of good nurses under

her soon made a very different state of affairs at the Infirmary of Brownlow Hill. The good example set by Liverpool was followed, and one by one the workhouse hospitals throughout the country were staffed with a band of bright and well-trained nurses, who were as proud of their skill and as tender in their work as any.

Over all these changes in every part of England the quiet figure of Florence Nightingale in the little room in London kept loving watch. She helped with lectures to her nurses at St. Thomas's, with books and letters, with advice to hospitals, and even to foreign governments. Sometimes even, if not too weak, she would see some specially favoured visitor. She lived on until quite recent times, and did not die until she was ninety years old. And what changes she saw in England. Throughout the land there were hospitals, well planned, with fresh air and good sanitation, and served by a band of highly-trained nurses. In their pleasant cotton dresses, of blue or pink, of white or grey, with their cap or 'kerchief on their head, matrons, sisters, nurses, and probationers, they were all members of a great and honourable profession, and this they owed to The Lady with the Lamp.

C. S. S. HIGHAM:

From Pioneers of Progress

NOTES

Florence Nightingale (1820-1910) was born at Florence, in Italy, and brought up in England. Herself a trained nurse, she did much to organise that profession in a scientific way. Lytton Strachey, writing about her work, says, "She was immediately recognised as the leading expert upon all the questions involved; her advice flowed unceasingly, and in all directions, so that there is no great hospital to-day which does not bear upon it the impress of her mind".

Princess Victoria: born 1819, who later became Queen Victoria and reigned from 1837 to 1901.

she had a real call to be a nurse: She was destined to be a nurse. "Call" is used here in the sense of an urge from one's conscience or from God (cf. "calling" = profession).

John Howard (1726-1790): a well-known philanthropist and prison reformer. As High Sheriff of Bedfordshire he inspected all the prisons in his district, and brought about great improvements in the conditions of prison life.

Roman Catholic Order of St. Vincent de Paul: *Order* is used in the sense of a religious society consisting of monks, priests, or nuns, usually living in a monastery or convent. A society of nuns alone is also called a "*Sisterhood*". (See next sentence.)

Lutheran: follower of Martin Luther (1483-1546), a religious reformer and the founder of the Protestant Church in Germany.

a useless war: the Crimean War, 1854-1856, fought in the peninsula called the Crimea, in the south of Russia, on the Black Sea.

Sisters of Mercy: The order of the Sisters of Mercy is a religious sisterhood of the Roman Catholic Church, founded in 1827.

Scutari: a town on the Bosphorus, near Istanbul (Constantinople).

Sidney Herbert: first Baron Herbert of Lea (1810–1861). Was War Secretary under Lord Aberdeen and Colonial Secretary under Lord Palmerston. Referring to the help which he rendered to Florence Nightingale, Gladstone wrote: "I wish some one of thousands who in prose justly celebrate Miss Nightingale would say a single word for the man who devised and projected her going—Sidney Herbert."

coffee bars: refreshment rooms where coffee is served across counters.

Osborne: Osborne House, a favourite residence of Queen Victoria in the Isle of Wight.

found : establish. Distinguish this word from the past tense form of "find"; also from the p.p. "found" in expressions like "all found" = "with everything provided".

Words and Phrases.

1. Use the following words in sentences of your own so as to bring out their meanings:
squander, bandage (vb.), equipment, decomposition, fussy, clumsy, patron, minister (vb.).
2. Use the following phrases in your own sentences:
to wear down, to take charge of, to set an example, to be on one's feet, to shake oneself free.

Exercises.

1. Write what you know of Florence Nightingale's career till her departure to the Crimea.
2. Give an account of the condition of the soldiers in the Crimea before Miss Nightingale arrived.
3. Describe the work done by Miss Nightingale to help:
 - (a) the wounded soldiers;
 - (b) the women in the army;
 - (c) soldiers who were not wounded.
4. Why was Florence Nightingale called "The Lady with the Lamp"?
5. In what ways did Miss Nightingale improve the nursing profession?

AN AVALANCHE ON MOUNT EVEREST

ANOTHER great feat of mountaineering had been performed, another record established; but Everest was still unconquered. That was the brutal fact that had now to be faced. Everest was still unconquered and the Expedition was almost exhausted. There were no reserves available. The best mountaineers had already made their effort. And men can hardly make two efforts on Everest in the same season. Still the climbers¹ were not even yet prepared to accept defeat. They would go on till they were definitely turned back. This was their attitude as they lay at the Base Camp recuperating.

Somervell was on the whole the fittest. Mallory was suffering from a slight frost-bite, and his heart was to a small extent affected. Norton also was frost-bitten and weakened in the heart. And Morshead² was in constant pain from frost-bite, and there was great risk of his losing his fingers. These two last would certainly have to go back without any possible delay to Sikkim. And when Finch and Geoffrey Bruce arrived at the Base Camp it was found

¹ Pron. "climers" (*b* is silent).

² Pron. "Morz-ed".

that the latter's feet were so badly frost-bitten that he could not walk. Finch himself, though greatly exhausted, was not affected by frost-bite or in the heart. This was the not very hopeful condition of the climbers at the end of May. Strutt, too, was very much overdone. Longstaff was not his old self. And neither Wakefield nor Crawford had acclimatised well for high altitudes.

But there might be just time before the monsoon broke to make one more effort if a few of these recovered a little more. Strutt, Morshead, Geoffrey Bruce, Norton and Longstaff would certainly have to go down to Sikkim at once. There was just a chance, though, that Mallory's heart might improve and Finch recover from his exhaustion.

On June 3rd Mallory was examined and found to be fit, and it was at once arranged that a third attempt should be made, though General Bruce warned all concerned that they were to run no undue risks with the monsoon. Mallory, Somervell and Finch would constitute the climbing party, Wakefield and Crawford furnish the support at Camp III. And plenty of porters would be available for both. That same day the party reached Camp I, but Finch was so obviously unfit to proceed that he went back the next day and joined Longstaff's party of

invalids¹ on their way to Sikkim. He had indeed done his full share already and no one could expect him to do more. And this day, June 4th, showed ominous signs of the monsoon. Snow was falling heavily and the party had to remain where they were. They might well have gone back, recognising that the monsoon had broken and acknowledging that no further attempt was possible. But the break of the monsoon in that region is no very definite occurrence. Heavy snow falls and then there is a pause and a spell of fine weather. It was on the chance of a spell of fine weather that Mallory counted. They would not, he writes, run their heads into obvious dangers; but rather than be stopped by a general estimate of conditions, they would prefer to retire before some definite risk that they were not prepared to take, or simply fail to overcome the difficulties.

Snow fell all the second night at Camp I, but on the morning of June 5th the weather improved and they decided to go on. They were surprised to find that this fall of snow had made little difference on the glacier. Most of it had melted or evaporated, and it lay only 6 inches deep. So they passed Camp II and proceeded straight on to Camp III. And here the snow was much deeper and the whole scene,

¹ Pron. "in-valeeds".

with the clouds hanging about the mountain-side, grey and cheerless. Moreover, the tents had been struck in order to save the poles^s and were now half-full of snow and ice; and the stores were buried in the snow and had to be dug out.

Was it possible under these circumstances to go on? Was there really any prospect of their reaching the summit or climbing any higher than they had already climbed? That evening it seemed doubtful. But the next morning broke fine; there was soon a clear sky and glorious sunshine; and hope revived especially as snow was being blown from the North-East Ridge and it would soon be fit to climb.

And now they were pinning their faith on the oxygen. They would not be able to establish a second camp above the North Col. And without a second camp they knew they could not, unaided, climb higher than where they had already reached. But oxygen was to work wonders. Somervell had learnt about the mechanical details from Finch, so could manage the apparatus, he was sure. And those who had used the oxygen were so convinced of its efficacy that Mallory and Somervell made themselves believe in it too. They intended to profit by Finch's experience. They would again try to pitch a camp at 26,000 feet. And they



[By permission of the Mount Everest Committee.]

A CAMP ON MOUNT EVEREST

would not begin using oxygen until they had reached 25,000 feet.

The wall to the North Col, however, had²first to be tackled. They did not expect to reach the Col in one day: the amount of new snow on it was too great. But they could begin work at once carrying loads up some part of the way, for they must make the most of the fine weather while it lasted. That same day, therefore, June 7th, they commenced this work.

They started at 8 a.m. and, in spite of the hard frost during the night, they found the crust hardly bore their weight and they sank up to their knees at almost every step. Avalanches they might expect, but they feared them only in one place, the steep final 200-feet slope below the shelf on which Camp IV was pitched. There they would have to proceed with caution, testing the snow before they crossed the slope. For the rest of the way they thought there would be no danger.

Wakefield had been at Camp III as supply officer, and the party on this North Col wall now consisted of Mallory, Somervell, and Crawford, with fourteen porters. It was clear that the three climbers, having no loads, must take the lead, stamping out a track for the laden porters as they ascended the steep ice-slope, now covered with snow. This snow adhered so

well to the ice that they were able to get up without cutting steps. Everything was done by trenching the snow to induce it to come down if it would. But there was no move. And this crucial place being passed they plodded on without hesitation. If snow would not come down there, it would not come down on the gentler slopes, they believed. There was no risk now of an avalanche.

So they struggled on through the deep snow; and exhausting work it was, as after each lifting movement it was necessary to pause for a whole series of breaths before the weight was transferred again to the other foot. Fortunately, the day was bright and windless; and by 1.30 they were about 400 feet below a conspicuous block of ice and 600 feet below the North Col, still on the gentle slopes of the corridor. Here they rested for a time till the porters, following on three separate ropes, came up. Then the whole party advanced again, carefully indeed but unsuspecting of danger.

They had proceeded only 100 feet, Somervell leading, and rather up the slope than across it, and the last party of porters had barely begun to move up in his steps, when all of a sudden they were startled by "an ominous sound, sharp, arresting, violent and yet somehow soft like an explosion of untamped gun-powder".

Mallory had never before heard such a sound. But he knew instinctively what it meant. He observed the surface of the snow break and pucker. Then he was borne slowly downward in the moving surface, carried along by an irresistible force. He managed to turn out from the slope so as to avoid being pushed headlong and backwards down it. And for a second or two he seemed hardly to be in danger as he went quietly sliding down with the snow. Then the rope at his waist tightened and held him back. A wave of snow came over him and he was buried. All seemed to be up with him. But he remembered that the best chance of escape in such a situation was by swimming. So he thrust out his arm over his head and went through the motions of swimming on his back. Then he felt the pace of the avalanche easing up. At length it came to rest. His arms were free. His legs were near the surface. And after a brief struggle he was standing, surprised and breathless, in the motionless snow.

But the rope was tight at his waist: the porter tied on next him, he supposed, must be deeply buried. To Mallory's surprise he emerged, unharmed. Somervell and Crawford also soon extricated themselves. Their experiences had been much the same as Mallory's.

So far so good. And one group of four porters

could be seen 150 feet below. Perhaps the others would be safe too. But these four were pointing downward, and it was evident that the other porters must have been carried farther. Mallory and his companions hurried to them and they soon saw that beneath the place where the four porters were standing was a formidable drop—an ice-cliff 40 feet high. The missing men must have been swept over it. The climbers quickly found a way round to its base, and then their worst fears were confirmed. One man was rapidly disinterred and found to be still alive; and he recovered. Another, carrying four oxygen cylinders on a steel frame, and found upside down, was still breathing, though he had been buried for about forty minutes. And he also recovered, and was able to walk down to Camp III. But seven were killed.

Thus the third attempt ended in a tragedy. Evidently the party ought not to have ventured on the North Col slopes. But to say that is only to be wise after the event. To all appearances the conditions were safe. And Mallory and Somervell were experienced—and cautious—mountaineers. They were working against time, it may be admitted. But they were not the men to run needless risks; and they were not the men to risk the lives of their poor laden porters unnecessarily. For these porters

they had, indeed, the greatest respect and affection.

The effect of the loss upon the British members of the Expedition was one of deep compassion for men who had lost their lives in faithfully playing their part in a great adventure. The effect upon the relatives and friends of these men and upon the peoples round has been described by General Bruce in some passages of his report which are particularly valuable as showing the attitude of local peoples to accidents of this kind.

On receipt of the news he communicated it to the great Lama of the Rongbuk Monastery, who was "intensely sympathetic and kind over the whole matter". Buddhist services were held in the monasteries for the men who were killed and for their families. And all the porters, and particularly the relations of the men who were killed, were received and specially blessed by the Lama himself. Later on General Bruce also received from his friend the Maharaja of Nepal a letter of condolence. "This puts in my mind," His Highness wrote, "the curious belief that persistently prevails with the people here, and which I came to learn so long ago in the time of our mutual friend, Colonel Manners Smith, when the question of giving permission for the project of climbing the King

of Heights through Nepal was brought by you and discussed in a council of Bharadars. It is to the effect that the height is the abode of the god and goddess Shiva and Parvati, and any invasion of the privacy of it would be a sacrilege fraught with disastrous consequences to the Hindu country and its people. And this belief or superstition, as one may choose to call it, is so firm and strong that people attribute the present tragic occurrence to the divine wrath which on no account would they draw on their heads by any action."

Thus was the calamity viewed by the Tibetans on the north and the Nepalese on the south of Everest. Bruce says of the Tibetans that they are a curious mixture of superstition and nice feelings. And the same he would evidently say of the Nepalese.

He further says that the Nepalese tribes who live high up in the mountains, and also the Sherpa Bhutias, have a belief that when a man slips and is killed this is a sacrifice to God, and especially to the god of the actual mountain. They further believe that anyone who happens to be on the same mountain at the same place, at the same date and hour, will also slip and be killed.

However, notwithstanding this calamity and these superstitions, the remaining porters of

the Expedition soon took a light-hearted view of things. They held simply that the men's time had come. If their time had not come they would not have died. It had come and they had died. There was no need to say more. That was their fatalistic creed. And they were perfectly ready to join another Everest Expedition. If it was written that they would die on Everest they would die. If it was written that they would not die they wouldn't. There was an end of the matter.

The calamity did not therefore in the least discourage them or others. And they and their fellows came forward just as readily for the next as they had for this Expedition.

SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND:

The Epic of Mount Everest

NOTES

IN 1922 a party of English mountaineers set out from Darjeeling to climb the highest mountain in the world, Mount Everest. The party consisted, among others, of Brigadier-General Bruce, Somervell, Mallory, Lieut.-Colonel Norton, Major Morshead, Capt. Geoffrey Bruce (cousin of Brigadier-General Bruce), Capt. Finch, Lieut.-Colonel Strutt, Dr. Longstaff, Dr. Wakefield and Crawford. In that year, though they established many records in mountain climbing, they did not succeed in reaching the summit of Mount Everest. The account here given describes an adventure that took place when a few of the party attempted to go up one of the most dangerous

parts of the mountain. It is taken from *The Epic of Mount Everest*, by Sir Francis Younghusband, who was the Chairman of the Mount Everest Committee. It gives us an idea of the terrors and risks of the Himalayan regions, which the heroic climbers faced, out of a love of adventure.

Mount Everest: so named after Sir George Everest, the Surveyor-General in India. When the staff of the Survey of India first discovered and determined the height and position of the mountain they named it after their Chief.

another feat . . . established: Finch and Geoffrey Bruce had succeeded, with the help of the oxygen apparatus, in reaching the record height of 27,235 ft. above sea-level. But Mount Everest, 29,002 ft., was still not conquered.

Base Camp: established at the most suitable spot, from which parties of three or four at a time could be sent up to climb higher.

Somervell: a surgeon by profession, was a famous and daring mountaineer. Sir Francis says, "He was a man of great resolution and great fortitude and great energy and stamina."

Mallory: a school-master, was universally considered the best man for higher climbing. His skill and experience often saved the lives of his comrades. He was a member of the First Expedition of 1921 also. He lost his life on Everest in 1924.

frost-bite: inflammation of the skin and below the skin, due to extreme cold.

Norton: Lieut.-Colonel Norton was a well-known member of the Alpine Club, who had served in India, and who knew the Himalayan regions well. He could speak Hindustani fluently. "A man who was a rare combination of many qualities," says Sir Francis Younghusband.

Morshead (pron. "Morzed"): Major Morshead had already explored parts of the Himalayas. He took part in the 1921 expedition, and prepared a map of the Everest region.

Sikkim: a principality south of the Himalayas. The Expedition, starting from Darjeeling, went through Sikkim to Tibet. In Sikkim they had at their disposal medical help and a hospital.

Finch: a keen and determined mountaineer. When he was invited to join the Expedition he was so overjoyed that he could find nothing to say but, "Sir Francis, you've sent me to heaven!" He was the leader of the "Oxygen Attempt", as it was called, and succeeded in climbing to a height of 27,235 ft. (see note above).

Geoffrey Bruce: a cousin of General Bruce, was an officer in a Gurkha Regiment. Though not a trained climber, he was a mountaineering enthusiast.

Col. Strutt: though somewhat advanced in years, had gained much experience in the Alps.

Dr. T. G. Longstaff: was a doctor and a naturalist whose wide experience in the Alps and the Himalayas made him a valuable member of the party.

Dr. Wakefield: was a medical practitioner in Canada who gave up his valuable practice and joined the Expedition.

C. G. Crawford: was a member of the Indian Civil Service. He made himself very useful not only as a daring climber, but as one who knew the language and ways of the people of that part of India.

acclimatise: to make oneself used to a new climate.

a third attempt: two former attempts had been made, one by Mallory, Somervell, Norton and Morshead, who reached a height of 26,985 ft., and the other by Finch and Geoffrey Bruce, with the help of oxygen cylinders.

General Bruce: Brigadier-General C. G. Bruce, leader of the Everest Expedition, was one of the men who first conceived the idea of climbing the peak as early as 1893. In 1922 he was too old to climb, but remained at the Base Camp.

Camp III: above the Base Camp three halting-stages, or camps, were formed. Camp I at an altitude of 17,800 ft., about 3 hours' journey from the Base Camp; Camp II another 2,000 ft. higher, about 4 hours from Camp I; and Camp III at about 21,000 ft., 4 hours' journey from

Camp II. These three camps were along the well-known East Rongbuk Glacier.

invalid: the noun is pronounced "in-valeed" and the adjective "inválid".

ominous: (pron. "öminus") adj. from ömen.

rather than be stopped. . . difficulties : They would turn back only when faced with an actual danger or difficulty. They would not give up the adventure merely because of vague guesses as to what might happen.

glacier: a huge river of ice, formed in mountain valleys.

to strike tents: to break up a camp, or remove a tent (opp. "to pitch tents").

North-East Ridge: the face of the mountain on the north-east up which the climb was planned.

pinning . . . oxygen: they hoped to climb higher with the aid of oxygen cylinders. The air at such heights being inadequate for human beings, oxygen was carried, and by breathing it climbers could reach higher altitudes.

North Col: "the neck that connects the steep North face of Everest with the Rongbuk Glacier." Col = "a depression in a mountain-chain". The way to the North Col, lying through high ice-falls, was considered one of the most dangerous stages in the ascent to the summit.

avalanche: "a large mass of snow, mixed with earth and ice, descending swiftly down a mountain side". (O.E.D.)

Camp IV: was pitched on the North Col, by the previous climbers, on a ledge from which rose the north-east shoulder of Everest.

trenching . . . if it would: by digging the snow, they tested whether it was lying firm or would flow down in the form of an avalanche.

untamped gunpowder: gunpowder that is not packed tightly in a hole for exploding makes a dull sound when fired.

pucker: to contract and gather into folds or wrinkles.
to ease up: to slow down.

The rope was . . . etc.: mountain-climbers, as a rule, tie themselves to one another with ropes, for the sake of greater safety.

peoples: in plural means "communities or tribes belonging to different countries". Here, it refers to the Tibetans, Nepalese and other races of the Himalayan region.

news : is always singular, and hence takes a singular verb after it.

Lama of the Rongbuk Monastery : a Lama is a Buddhist priest of Tibet, and is a man of considerable power in his part of the country. He is regarded as an incarnation of God. The Rongbuk Monastery, a Buddhist religious institution, was situated below Camp I. Describing this great Lama, General Bruce said that he was a man "full of dignity, with a most intelligent and wise face and an extraordinarily attractive smile". He was about sixty years of age.

Maharaja of Nepal: the ruler of the state to the south of Everest. Many Nepalese porters had been engaged by General Bruce for this expedition.

Council of Bharadars: a body of elders who advised the king in public matters.

Shiva and Parvati: Shiva is one of the three important Gods in Hinduism; and Parvati is his consort.

sacrilege: an offence against religion or anything sacred.

Sherpa Bhutias: a tribe of people living in East Nepal and near Darjeeling.

fatalistic creed: a faith or belief in Fate as something that cannot be resisted.

Words and Phrases.

1. Write sentences using the following words:
recuperate, efficacy (distinguish from efficiency), crucial, disinter, sacrilege, slur, fatalistic.
2. Use the following phrases in your own sentences:
a spell of good weather, to run one's head into danger, to work against time, to work wonders, to be all up with (a person), to pin one's faith, to be wise after the event.

Exercises.

1. Give an account of the party that set out to climb the North Col.
2. What do you gather from this extract about the dangers of mountain climbing?
3. (a) What is meant by (i) an avalanche, (ii) a glacier?
(b) Describe the experience of the climbers when the avalanche fell on them.
4. What was the effect of the calamity on (a) the Tibetans, (b) the Nepalese?
5. What was the attitude of the porters towards such calamities?

A DITHYRAMB ON A DOG

CHUM, roped securely to the cherry tree, is barking at the universe in general and at the cows in the paddock beyond the orchard in particular. Occasionally he pauses to snap at passing bees, of which the orchard is full on this bright May morning; but he soon tires of this diversion and resumes his loud-voiced demand to share in the good things that are going. For the sun is high, the cuckoo¹ is shouting over the valley, and the woods are calling him to unknown adventures. They shall not call in vain. Work shall be suspended and this morning shall be dedicated to his service. For this is the day of deliverance. The word is spoken and the shadow of the sword is lifted. The battle for his biscuit is won.

He does not know what a narrow shave he has had. He does not know that for weeks past he has been under sentence of death as an encumbrance, a luxury that this savage world of men could no longer afford; that having taken away his bones we were about to take away his biscuits and leave his cheerful companionship a memory of the dream world we lived in before the Great

¹ Pron. "cook-oo".

Killing began. All this he does not know. That is one of the numerous advantages of being a dog. He knows nothing of the infamies of men or of the incertitudes of life. He does not look before and after and pine for what is not. He has no yesterday and no to-morrow—only the happy or the unhappy present. He does not, as Whitman says, “lie awake at night thinking of his soul”, or lamenting his past or worrying about his future. His bereavements do not disturb him and he doesn’t care twopence¹ about his career. He has no debts and hungers for no honours. He would rather have a bone than a baronetcy. He does not turn over old albums, with their pictured records of forgotten holidays and happy scenes, and yearn for the “tender grace of a day that is dead”, or wonder whether he will keep his job and what will become of his “poor old family”, as Stevenson used to say, if he doesn’t, or speculate whether the war will end this year, next year, some time, or never. He doesn’t even know there is a war. Think of it! He doesn’t know there is a war. O happy dog! Give him a bone, a biscuit, a good word, and a scamper in the woods, and his cup of joy is full. Would that my needs were as few and as easily satisfied.

And now his biscuit is safe and I have the rare privilege of rejoicing with Sir Frederick

¹ Pron. “tuppence” (see notes).

Banbury. I do not know that I should go as far as he seems to go, for in that touching little speech of his at the Cannon Street Hote^l he indicated that nothing in the heavens above or in the earth beneath should stand between him and his dogs. "In August, 1914," he said, "my son went to France. The night before he left he said, 'Father, look after my dogs and horses while I am away'. I said, 'Don't you worry about them'. He was killed in December, and I have got the horses and dogs now. As I said to Mr. Bonar Law last year, I should like to see the man who would tell me I have not to look after my son's dogs and horses." Well, I suppose that if the choice were between a German victory and a dog-biscuit, the dog-biscuit would have to go, Sir Frederick. But I rejoice with you that we have not to make the choice. I rejoice that the sentence of death has passed from your dead son's horses and dogs and from that noble creature under the cherry tree.

Look at him, barking now at the cows, now with eloquent appeal to me, and then, having caught my eye, turning sportively to worry the hated rope. He knows that my intentions this morning are honourable. I think he feels that, in spite of appearances, I am in that humour in which at any radiant moment the magic word "Walk" may leap from my lips. What a word that is. No

sleep so sound that it will not penetrate its depths and bring him, passionately awake, to his feet. He would sacrifice the whole dictionary for that one electric syllable. That and its brother "Bones". Give him these good, sound, sensible words, and all the fancies of the poets and all the rhetoric of the statesmen may whistle down the winds. He has no use for them. "Walk" and "Bones"—that is the speech a fellow can understand.

Yes, Chum knows very well that I am thinking about him and thinking about him in an uncommonly friendly way. That is the secret of the strange intimacy between us. We may love other animals, and other animals may respond to our affection. But the dog is the only animal who has a reciprocal intelligence. As Coleridge says, he is the only animal that looks upwards to man, strains to catch his meanings, hungers for his approval. Stroke a cat or a horse, and it will have a physical pleasure; but pat Chum and call him "Good dog!" and he has a spiritual pleasure. He feels good. He is pleased because you are pleased. His tail, his eyebrows, every part of him, proclaim that "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world", and that he himself is on the side of the angels.

And just as he has the sense of virtue, so also he has the sense of sin. A cat may be taught not to do certain things, but if it is caught out and flees, it flees not from shame, but from

fear. But the shame of a dog touches an abyss of misery as bottomless as any human emotion. He has fallen out of the state of grace, and nothing but the absolution and remission of his sin will restore him to happiness. By his association with man he seems to have caught something of his capacity for spiritual misery. I had an Airedale once who had moods of despondency as abysmal as my own. He was as sentimental as any minor poet, and at the sound of certain tunes on the piano he would break into paroxysms of grief, whining and moaning as if in one moment of concentrated anguish he recalled every bereavement he had endured, every bone he had lost, every stone heaved at him by his hated enemy, the butcher's boy. Indeed, there are times when the dog approximates so close to our intelligence that he seems to be of us, a sort of humble relation of ourselves, with our elementary feelings but not our gift of expression, our joy but not our laughter, our misery but not our tears, our thoughts but not our speech. To sentence him to death would be almost like homicide, and the day of his reprieve should be celebrated as a festival.

Come, old friend. Let us away to the woods.
 "Walk."

A. G. GARDINER:

Alpha of the Plough

NOTES

A. G. GARDINER (b. 1865) is one of the most delightful prose writers in contemporary English literature. His education was largely acquired through independent reading. In 1902 he became the editor of *The Daily News*, and held that office for nearly eighteen years. He wrote numerous essays under the pen-name of "Alpha of the Plough". Prominent among his collections of essays are "Pillars of Society", "Prophets, Priests and Kings", "Pebbles on the Shore" and "Alpha of the Plough". His essays are characterised by an easy and elegant style which is well worth copying.

The essay here given is taken from "Alpha of the Plough", and was written during the Great War; it refers to the scarcity of dog-biscuits owing to an inadequate supply of flour. Luckily for the dogs, the supply of biscuits was not entirely cut off; and the essay gives expression to the joy felt on that account.

dithyramb: originally meant a kind of Greek hymn or choric song. It is here used in the sense of a highly emotional speech or song.

Great Killing: the Great War of 1914-1918.

"Look before . . . what is not": Shelley's "To a Skylark", ll. 85-86.

Whitman, Walt (1819-1922): was an outstanding American poet who wrote many political and lyrical poems in a new and irregular form of free verse. His most important work, *Leaves of Grass*, appeared in 1855.

twopence: pron. "tuppence" (cf. half-penny: pron. "haipni"; threepence: pron. "thrippence," etc.).

baronetcy: a hereditary titled order awarded to commoners; the title of "Sir" is inherited by the heir. (Distinguish it from "Baron", which is the lowest order among the nobility, as distinguished from commoners.)

"Tender grace . . . dead": Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break", l. 15.

Stevenson, Robert Louis (1850-1894): the well-known novelist and essayist, whose *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, etc., should be familiar to students.

Banbury, Sir Frederick (1850-1936): a well-known Conservative member of Parliament.

Bonar Law (pron. "Bonner"), (1858-1923): was one of the ministers in the coalition ministry of Asquith during the Great War, and later of Lloyd George's ministry. He was one of those who signed the Peace Treaty at the end of the War. In 1922 he became Prime Minister.

worry: (of dogs) "to shake or pull about with teeth" (O.E.D.). Distinguish this from another meaning, "to be anxious".

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor (1772-1834): poet and critic, was a friend of Wordsworth; he was the author of the well-known poem, "The Ancient Mariner".

"God's in His heaven . . . world": from Browning's "Pippa Passes"; the last two lines of Pippa's song.

On the side of the angels: a whimsical allusion to Disraeli's remark on the theories advanced in Darwin's *Origin of Species*: "The question is this: Is man an ape or an angel? I am on the side of the angels."

state of grace: to be in the favour of God. The phrase, which is often used in Christian belief, means "to receive the unmerited blessing and favour of God".

Airedale: a variety of large, rough-coated terrier.

Words and Phrases.

1. Write down the meanings of:
dedicate, encumbrance, luxury, infamy, speculate, worry (vb.), rhetoric, paroxysm.
2. Use the following phrases in sentences of your own:
narrow shave, whistle down the winds, state of grace, to be on the side of the angels.

Exercises.

1. For what reasons does the author consider the dog's life happier than man's?
2. Explain the title, "A Dithyramb on a Dog".
3. What points are mentioned by the author in praise of the dog? Can you think of any arguments against them?

THE CONQUEST OF AIR

EVER since the earliest days men have longed to fly above the earth. They watched the birds, who seemed as though they merely flapped their wings and flew. Surely by making a pair of wings which might be attached to a man's body and which could be worked up and down rapidly, a man could fly. So many men thought all through the ages, but they did not think that the air was even more unstable than the sea. Whereas a ship will rock from bow to stern, or from side to side, aircraft may move in any direction.

But one man in the fifteenth century, Leonardo da Vinci, architect, engineer, artist and scientist, found that if man were to fly he must be supplied with wings which would make a variety of movements to keep on a steady keel. Da Vinci also thought a man could make enough power by his muscles to work the wings of a machine, and although there is no record of this wonderful inventor actually flying, his writings and models, especially of the parachute and helicopter, helped other men to think about flying in the right way.

Three hundred years later the two French brothers Montgolfier, experimenting with the idea of hot air which always rises, made several large balloons, below one of which a sheep, a cock and a duck were suspended. This trial trip was so successful that Pilâtre de Rozier made an ascent in a balloon, thus becoming the first aeronaut, if we except Icarus.

From this time for many years balloon flights were made in various parts of the world and men strove to conquer the air. The French Government helped to forward these experiments, and in 1821 coal gas was used for the first time to fill out a balloon.

But the idea of making a man-lifting machine, or heavier-than-air machine which would really fly, was not altogether dismissed. Sir Hiram Maxim, whose name is connected with machine-guns, made a big steam-driven air machine in England, in 1894, which rose into the air, but it was not a great success. Five years later balloons had developed into airships, which were balloons propelled along by revolving air-screws, and the first of the famous rigid Zeppelin airships was under construction on the shores of Lake Constance in South Germany.

In another part of Germany, Otto Lilienthal experimented with different kinds of gliders, and not only had he become an adept at balancing

himself while gliding through the air, but he proved the idea that a man could be supported by the impact of the air upon extended surfaces without the help of gases or lighter-than-air substances. Unfortunately Lilienthal was killed by his glider crashing, and it was left to two Americans, Orville and Wilbur Wright, away out on the sandhills of North Carolina, to follow up the idea of riding the air in a glider.

After studying all the literature they could find, the brothers Wright made model aeroplanes to test their theories. They at last came to the conclusion that wing surfaces had to be made which, when moved at speed through the air, would not only lift the weight of a man, but also a motor which, in the airships then built, moved men through the air. The main problem, they thought, was to control the balance of a winged machine when it was flying through the air and to combine, if possible, the best kind of curved wing surfaces with the motor and air-screws which airships used.

Experimental flights were first made with kites and gliders carrying dummy figures to represent men, and so successful were these that on 17th December, 1903, Mr. Orville Wright went up himself in a motor-driven machine and made a flight which lasted only twelve seconds. This was the first time in the history

of the world in which a machine carrying a man had raised itself into the air by its own power in full flight, had sailed forward upon a level course without reduction of speed and had finally landed without being wrecked.

Great secrecy was observed about the trials at the time they were made, but when the facts became known many people would not believe them. However, next year a passenger was carried, and flights were made by the brothers Wright lasting one and a half hours, and covering $76\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Stimulated by their success other experimenters tested out machines of different designs. A prize was offered for the first aviator who could fly with his machine across the English Channel, and on July 25, 1909, Louis Blériot, a Frenchman, carried off the \$5,000 prize money by making the crossing over the sea in thirty-seven minutes.

But the machine which he used seems very tiny and frail nowadays. Since the day the Channel was first crossed by air, enormous strides have been made in building heavier-than-air craft and airplanes. To-day it is quite commonplace for a giant air liner of the Imperial Airways, with 2,200 horse-power engines, and weighing several tons itself, to take aboard passengers and their luggage, run across a wide

field, lift itself up into the air and wing away on its voyage from London to Paris at 200 miles an hour.

The power and ability to fly, and the speed at which great distances could be covered by air, gripped the imagination of many people, and it is not surprising that numbers of notable records have been achieved by modern aircraft and their pilots. Inventions followed each other rapidly, and many different types of machines were perfected. After the English Channel had been so successfully flown, the wild wastes of the Atlantic Ocean appealed to many flyers as the unknown to be fought and conquered.

So it is that as long ago as 1919 two British airmen, Alcock and Brown, set out from Newfoundland to fly across the Atlantic. After a wonderful non-stop flight of 1,890 miles these intrepid pioneers landed safely in Ireland 16 hours 12 minutes after leaving Newfoundland. This truly remarkable flight was for many years a record, but in 1927, a lone American airman, Charles A. Lindbergh, set off from New York to fly to Paris, and when he succeeded in covering 3,638 miles in $33\frac{1}{2}$ hours without a stop, the whole world, old and new, acclaimed him the hero of an epic flight.

Colonel Lindbergh, in recounting the flight, says: "At 7.52 a.m., May 20, 1927, I took off

from Roosevelt Field, New York, for Paris. I took up a compass course at once, heading toward Nova Scotia, usually flying very low, sometimes as close as ten feet from the trees and water between Cape Cod and Nova Scotia. Between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland I sighted several ships, but none after leaving St. John's. Darkness set in about 8.15 that night. The fog was thick. There was no moon and it was very dark for two hours or so. Then the fog cleared and the moon appeared, and flying was much less complicated. On several occasions it was necessary to fly by instrument through periods of fog, or to fly blind. As the fog cleared I dropped closer to the water, sometimes flying within ten feet of the waves and seldom higher than two hundred. There is a cushion of air close to the ground or water through which a plane flies with less effort than at a higher altitude. During the day I saw a number of porpoises but no ships, although I understand that two different boats reported me passing over.

“The first indication of my approach to the European coast was a small fishing craft which I sighted a few miles ahead and slightly to the south of my course. Then appeared other small fishing boats. Closing the throttle as the plane passed over one of them, I shouted, ‘Which

way is Ireland?' But I could catch no reply. Presently I sighted land, which I correctly took to be the south-western end of Ireland, and soon located Cape Valentia and Dingle Bay. From there I resumed my compass course towards Paris, passing over Southern England a little south of Plymouth; then across the English Channel, striking France over Cherbourg. The sun went down shortly afterwards, and the beacons along the Paris-London airway became visible.

"I first saw the lights of Paris a little before 10 p.m., or 5 p.m. New York time, and a few minutes later I was circling the Eiffel Tower at an altitude of about four thousand feet. The lights of Le Bourget (the Paris flying field) were plainly visible . . . so I spiralled down closer, and presently could make out long lines of hangars and roads that appeared to be jammed with cars. I flew low over the field once, then circled around into the wind and landed." Thus ended successfully the first solo flight across the Atlantic. Since then Colonel Lindbergh has made other important contributions to aviation, including a flight around the world, in which he was accompanied by his wife.

Other historic feats are accredited to two women. Amelia Earhart Putnam, the American aviatrix, was the first woman to fly across the

Atlantic, and, in 1935, she flew alone from Honolulu to California, while Amy Johnson flew alone from London to Australia in 1930, and two years later broke the record of the fastest time from England to South Africa, 6,220 miles, in 4 days 6 hours and 54 minutes. Her husband, J. A. Mollison, the Scots aviator, had previously flown from London to Cape Town in 4 days 17 hours and 9 minutes, and in 1932 he made the first solo east-to-west flight across the North Atlantic in a light machine. The fastest speed ever attained by man is accredited to Flight-Lieut. Stainforth, a Briton, who, in 1931, flew 407.7 miles an hour. The most spectacular long-distance air event was the 12,000 mile MacRobertson International Air Race from England to Australia in 1934, won by C. W. A. Scott and Campbell Black, whose time was 70 hrs. 59 mins. 50 secs., while honours for an equally important event went to Sir Charles Kingsford Smith and Captain P. G. Taylor for their daring flight in a single-motor land plane over 7,365 miles of the Pacific from Australia to California in 51 hours and 49 minutes actual flying time.

With the coming of dependable airplanes a new travel and transport route map of the world is evolving. Air ports, or stations at which air liners take off and land, and where travellers

and merchandise may be changed from air liner to air liner, are taking shape, and already regular schedules are being established. Both airplanes and seaplanes are used on the regular air routes, and in North and South America, and Europe, the governments are helping forward the building of these new ways of communication.

From the *Modern Encyclopaedia for Young People*

NOTES

IN this article we are given a short account of the development of airships and aeroplanes. The story of man's attempt to fly is one of the most interesting romances of modern science. Students are advised to pursue the subject by further reading. They should also, with the help of a map, mark out the main air-routes which connect different countries of the world to-day.

bow to stern : "bow" means the front part of a ship, and "stern" the hind part (pron. "bow" as "bau"). Distinguish it from the word meaning a weapon in "bow and arrows", pron. "bō").

aircraft: a general word meaning aeroplanes, airships or balloons.

Leonardo da Vinci (pron. "Vinci"), (1452-1519): famous Italian artist and engineer. Besides less known works on science and art, he is remembered for such masterpieces in painting as the "Mona Lisa" and the fresco "The Last Supper".

parachute: (pron. —"shoot") is an umbrella-like device by the help of which one is able to float down gently from heights.

helicopter: a kind of flying machine which rises vertically.
(Something like the autogyro.)

Montgolfier (1740-1810): was the inventor of air balloons.
With the help of his brother, he made the first successful experiment with them in 1783.

Pilâtre de Rozier: a French aviator who was the first person to fly in a balloon.

aeronaut: one who navigates an aeroplane or airship.

Icarus: (pron. "Īcarus"): according to Greek legends, Icarus was the son of the famous craftsman Daedalus. It is said that to escape imprisonment, they both fastened wings to themselves with wax and flew away. Icarus flew too near the sun and, his wax melting, he fell into the sea and was drowned.

Sir Hiram Maxim (1840-1916): an American, inventor of the Maxim automatic gun.

Zeppelin: large airship of the type invented by Count Zeppelin in Germany.

Otto Lilienthal (1848-1896): German inventor and aeronaut who studied the flight of birds, and constructed a glider with arched wing surfaces. He met with an accident while gliding and was killed.

glider: an aeroplane without an engine, which is moved by the force of the wind.

Orville Wright and Wilbur Wright: Wilbur (1867-1912) and Orville (b. 1871) worked on the experiments of Lilienthal, and later made a motor-driven aeroplane in America and demonstrated it in Europe. They are regarded as the pioneers of modern flying.

Louis Blériot (1872-1936): (pron. "Blerio") a French aviator who won great fame by his daring feats in the air. He crossed the English Channel, a distance of 31 miles, in 37 minutes in 1909.

Imperial Airways: The British air line agency which runs its aeroplanes on the Empire routes, connecting distant places like Australia, India and Africa.

Alcock and Brown: Sir John Alcock and Sir Arthur Whitten Brown, who heroically flew across the Atlantic

in 1919. Alcock lost his life the same year in attempting to fly to France.

Lindbergh (b. 1902): one of the most famous aviators of the world, who suddenly rose to greatness by his remarkable solo flight from New York to Paris in 1927. He has since then made many other notable flights, and with his wife has flown round the world.

an epic flight: a heroic or adventurous flight; from "epic": a long narrative poem describing heroic events. (The extract is taken from his book called *We*, in which Lindbergh gives his story of the trans-Atlantic flight.)

to fly by instrument: when, in darkness or mist, the pilot cannot see anything in front, he has to fly his plane by the help of a compass, altimeter and such other instruments. This is known as "blind flying", or "flying by instrument".

to strike France over Cherbourg: to enter the country of France above the town of Cherbourg.

Eiffel Tower: (pron. "ifel") in Paris, is a tall tower made of iron rising to a height of 985 ft., built by Alexandre Eiffel in 1889 for the great World Exhibition.

hangars: sheds for keeping aeroplanes in.

solo flight: flying all alone, unaccompanied by anybody.

Amelia Earhart Putnam (1898-1937): an American aviatrix who disappeared while attempting to fly round the world.

aviatrix: feminine of "aviator": one who pilots an aircraft.

Amy Johnson: an English girl who leapt into fame by her solo flight from England to Australia, for which she held the record for some time.

MacRobertson International Air Race: a thrilling air race held in 1934, from England to Melbourne, in Australia, for which a large prize was offered by MacRobertson. The prize was won by the plane flown by Scott and Campbell Black.

Words and Phrases.

1. (a) Use the following words in your own sentences:
aircraft, bow and stern, propel, frail, intrepid,
beacon, transport, schedule.

(b) What is meant by the following terms used in aviation:

parachute, helicopter, glider, Zeppelin, hangar.

2. Use the following phrases in sentences of your own: to keep on a steady keel, to test out, to take off (used in aviation), to grip the imagination.

Exercises.

1. Give an account of the earliest experiments in flying.
2. Summarise the contribution to flying of:
 - (a) Otto Lilienthal;
 - (b) the Wright brothers.
3. Write down the different records in flying mentioned in the text. Can you think of any more records not mentioned in the text?

TO BLOSSOMS

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

ROBERT HERRICK

NOTES

ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1633), a notable writer of very melodious verse, many of whose poems have been set to

music. Born in London, educated at Cambridge, he became a priest. Ejected from his parish during the Civil War, he was reinstated at the Restoration. He wrote love lyrics, religious poems and epigrams. His works first appeared in two volumes: *Hesperides* and *Noble Numbers*. He is at his best in his short songs and lyrics which breathe the atmosphere of the countryside in Devonshire. Of his poems, he says:

"I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers,
Of April, May, of June and July flowers."

The poem selected is from *Hesperides*, and, as usual with Herrick, strikes a note of sadness even while describing the beauty of Nature. He uses the brief life of a flower to draw the melancholy lesson that even the most beautiful things in this world soon die and "glide into the grave".

Fair pledges: "beautiful offspring". The word "pledge" is used for "child" because a child is a pledge of love between the parents (cf. "Lycidas", l. 107, "Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?").

date: the period of life.

lose you quite: lose you completely.

leaves: used literally, and figuratively, as leaves or pages of a book. "We learn this lesson from your pages (leaves)."

brave: beautiful.

ne'er so brave: however beautiful they may be.

Exercises.

1. Write down the meanings of the following words: pledges, fruitful, date, blush, brave, glide.
2. Bring out the meanings, in sentences or phrases of your own, of the following expressions:
"your date is not past", "ne'er so brave", "glide into the grave", "show their pride".
3. What is the lesson that the poet draws from the blossoms?

THE SNARE

I hear a sudden cry of pain!
There is a rabbit in a snare:
Now I hear the cry again,
But I cannot tell from where.

But I cannot tell from where
He is calling out for aid;
Crying on the frightened air,
Making everything afraid.

Making everything afraid,
Wrinkling up his little face,
As he cries again for aid;
And I cannot find the place!

And I cannot find the place
Where his paw is in the snare:
Little one! Oh, little one!
I am searching everywhere.

JAMES STEPHENS

NOTES

JAMES STEPHENS (pron. "Steevens"), (born 1882), is a living Irish poet, story-writer and novelist, whose works reveal a sensitive love of nature and a knowledge of life in his native country. His prose works include *The Crock of Gold* (1912) and *Irish Fairy Tales* (1920). His *Collected Poems* appeared in 1926.

"The Snare" is distinguished by the marked simplicity, realism, and sympathy for "the sorrow of the meanest thing that feels", which are characteristics of Stephens's poetry. Note the echo-like effect caused by the last line of a stanza being repeated in the first line of the next.

Crying on the frightened . . . afraid: the stillness of the air pierced by the frightened cry of the rabbit is well brought out by these two lines.

Wrinkling . . . face: notice the fine realism of this line.

Exercises.

1. What is the general impression created by the poem?
2. Can you think of any other poem on animals with which you can compare this?
3. Attempt a paraphrase of the poem.

ODE ON SOLITUDE

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

ALEXANDER POPE

NOTES

ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744) is the greatest poet in English literature between Dryden and Johnson. A Roman Catholic, he was educated privately, and began writing remarkably good verses when he was only twelve years old. His special talent lay in writing stinging satires in heroic couplets. But he wrote poems which show that he had an eye for the beauties of nature and a true lyric gift.

The "Ode on Solitude" is stated by Pope to have been written when he was twelve.

paternal acres: land inherited from ancestors; family property.

Whose herds, etc.: The construction is: "Whose herds, fields, flocks supply him with milk, bread, attire."

In winter fire: i.e. whose trees yield him firewood for lighting the fire in winter.

blest: poetical for adj. "blessed". The words "the man" are understood after Blest. "Blest (the man) who can . . ." etc.

innocence . . . meditation: i.e. innocence which is most pleasing when it is combined with meditation.

not a stone . . . lie: let there not be even a tombstone placed to indicate the spot where I am buried.

Exercises.

1. Give the meanings, in full, of the following words and phrases:
paternal acres, attire, unconcernedly, slide soft away, steal from the world.
2. Give the substance of the poem in your own words.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG

Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be;
When we are grown and take our place,
As men and women with our race.

Father in Heaven, who lovest all,
Oh, help Thy children when they call;
That they may build, from age to age,
An undefilèd heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give
The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends,
On Thee for judge, and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
 By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
 That, under Thee, we may possess
 Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us Delight in simple things,
 And Mirth that has no bitter springs;
 Forgiveness free of evil done,
 And Love to all men 'neath the sun!

Land of our Birth, our faith, our pride,
 For whose dear sake our fathers died;
 O Motherland, we pledge to thee
 Head, heart, and hand through the years to be!

RUDYARD KIPLING

NOTES

RUDYARD KIPLING (1865-1936). Easily the most popular poet and story-teller of his day, Kipling was born in Bombay. His knowledge of India and Indian life was unusually wide and accurate, and ranged from the life of the beasts in the jungle to the vagaries of the ladies of Simla. His *Departmental Ditties* and *Barrack-Room Ballads* reveal his gift for lively and realistic verse about official and army life in India. His *Jungle Book* and *Second Jungle Book* create a world peopled with animals who are quaintly human in their behaviour. *Kim* and *Captains Courageous* showed his mastery of the novel. His death, in 1936, was a great blow to English literature.

"The Children's Song" is one of his simplest poems. "The Children" are the children of any country; and

the ideas of obedience to God and service to the country expressed in the poem could be adopted by any nation.

the yoke: the burden of duty and service which belongs to youth (cf. St. Matthew xi. 30).

rule ourselves alway: i.e. to exercise self-control, to discipline oneself.

That we may bring . . . sacrifice: that means, "so that when we are called upon to render service, or even die for thee, we may be worthy of that honour".

Exercises.

1. Explain the words and phrases:
undefiled heritage, yoke, maimed, uncowed,
"Mirth that has no bitter springs".
2. Give the meaning of the lines: "Thy Grace . . . Nations live".
3. Write down fully the meaning of the fifth stanza.
4. What are the lessons the children require to be taught? What is common to them all?

THE SCHOLAR

My days among the Dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead; with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on

Through all Futurity;
 Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
 That will not perish in the dust.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

NOTES

ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774-1843). Born at Bristol, educated at Oxford, he was appointed Poet Laureate in 1813. He had travelled in Portugal and Spain, and translated several Spanish works. He was a friend of Wordsworth and Coleridge, settled down at Keswick (pron. "Kezik"), in the Lake District, and thus became one of the "Lake School of Poets". Very little of his voluminous works is now read. His *Life of Nelson* is a popular and authoritative biography. As a poet, he is remembered for his shorter pieces, such as the poem here selected, "The Battle of Blenheim", "The Inchcape Rock", and "The Holly Tree". His brain was affected by excessive mental work and he died in 1843.

The poem here selected, which has no title in the original edition, occurs in the volume of *Occasional Pieces*, and was written at Keswick in 1818.

My days, etc.: The prose order would be: "My days are past (spent) among the Dead." By the "Dead" he means what he says in l. 4, "The mighty . . . old", i.e. the valuable books written by great men of the past.
weal—woe: are opposite words meaning "happiness" and "sorrow"; "weal" also means "prosperity".

My cheeks . . . gratitude: Commenting on these lines Mr. C. B. Wheeler says: "Literary gratitude does not commonly take the form of tears, even among poets". This is an instance of artificial sentimentality which spoils the poem.

bedewed: to be made wet, as by dew.

My hopes . . . Dead: i.e. "I hope to share their fate, namely, to be remembered with gratitude by those who come after me".

anon: soon, presently.

leaving . . . dust: The "name" that Southey has left is not one of the greatest in English literature, but it is in no danger of being forgotten.

Exercises.

1. Give the meanings of the following words:
never-failing, weal, bedew, long-past, anon.
2. Explain fully the expressions:
"casual eyes", "thoughtful gratitude", "perish in the dust".
3. Give in your own words the poet's reflections on
"the mighty minds of old".

BREATHES THERE A MAN?

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
 "This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

NOTES

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832), poet, novelist and critic, was the most popular writer of his age. He had made his name as a poet before he took to writing novels, beginning with *Waverley* (1814). He was appropriately called "The Wizard of the North", for there was indeed some

magic in the pen with which he made an enormous fortune. Among his poetical works are *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake* and *The Lord of the Isles*. All his novels are well-known; some of the 'most popular among them are *Kenilworth*, *Quentin Durward*, *Ivanhoe* and *The Talisman*.

foreign strand: "strand" used poetically means "country" or "region", especially a foreign country. The word literally means sea-shore, or coast.

no minstrel . . . swell: "he is not affected by the stirring songs of minstrels". A minstrel was a professional entertainer or musician who sang ballads, usually of a patriotic kind, for the entertainment of nobles. (Note the spelling: "minstrel", *not* "ministrel".)

pelf: money or wealth, usually used contemptuously.

concentred all in self: "being very selfish", or "thinking only of himself"; "self-centred".

living: an absolute participle meaning "while he is alive".

forfeit: (pron. "forfit") "be deprived of" or "lose".

doubly dying: when he dies, not only his body, but memory of him also dies; i.e. he is not only dead but forgotten as well. Notice the emphatic finality given to the last line by the repetition of the prefix "un-" in the three words (cf. "without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown"—Byron, *Childe Harold*, IV. 179).

Exercises.

1. Give the meanings of the following words:
strand, minstrel, rapture, pelf, forfeit, vile.
2. Explain the following expressions:
"For him . . . swell", "concentred all in self",
"doubly dying", "Unwept . . . unsung".
3. What do you understand from this poem about Scott's views on patriotism?

DEATH THE LEVELLER

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against Fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and Crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill:
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds!
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds.
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb:

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY

NOTES

JAMES SHIRLEY (1596-1666) was a prolific writer and dramatist, who published as many as forty plays in his lifetime. Charles Lamb helped to revive interest in him in the nineteenth century, and many of his plays were reprinted. A collected edition of his works was published in 1833. One long poem, "Narcissus," is a graceful effort in imitation of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis". The poem here given is the lament that occurs at the end of *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses* (1659), a poetic drama by Shirley. He died in 1666, one of the victims of the Great Fire of London.

of our blood and state: noble birth and high position.

poor crooked . . . spade: "scythe and spade" are contrasted with "Sceptre and Crown"; the former standing for peasants or labourers, and the latter for kings. "Scythe" (pron. "sīthe") is a tool having a bent or crooked blade of steel used by farmers for reaping or mowing.

Some men . . . field: i.e. warriors, who cut down their enemies on the battlefield.

plant fresh laurels: "earn more fame"; "laurels" are leaves of the bay-tree which were emblems of victory and honour; cf. "Poet-laureate".

They tame . . . still: they fight and conquer only each other: they are powerless against Death.

murmuring breath: i.e. breath with which they protest against their fate and early death.

the garlands: cf. "laurels", above, i.e. worldly renown is short-lived.

purple altar: may mean either "altar stained with blood" or "kingly or royal altar". Purple was once the distinguishing colour of kings and others in high authority (as in the phrase "born in the purple"), and is the colour of royal mourning.

victor-victim: the victorious warrior who has now become the victim of Death.

Exercises.

1. Write down the meanings of the following words: substantial, scythe, stoop, captive, wither (distinguish from "whither").
2. Give the meanings of the expressions: "blood and state", "icy hand", "plant fresh laurels", "victor-victim".
3. Explain fully the lines "Only the actions . . . in their dust".
4. Why is Death called "The Leveller"?

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?”—The vision raised its
 head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, “The names of those who love the
 Lord”.
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, “I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men”.

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had
 blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT

NOTES

LEIGH HUNT (pron. "Lee"), (1784-1859), poet, essayist and critic, was born in Southgate, educated at Christ's Hospital, where he was the contemporary of Lamb, and as a schoolboy wrote a good deal of poetry, some of which was published in 1801. He took to journalism, and among the many periodicals he started are *The Examiner*, *The Companion* and *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*. Imprisoned for two years for a thoughtless attack on the Prince Regent, he won the sympathy and friendship of men like Byron, Moore, and Shelley. His most ambitious work is *The Story of Rimini* (1816), a long narrative in verse, which influenced Keats greatly. But the poet in him is subordinate to the critic and essayist.

The poem selected teaches the lesson that those who love their fellow men are loved by God.

may his tribe increase: i.e. "may there be more men like him"; "tribe" being used in the wider sense of "his kind".

sweet accord: with a look of kindness.

Exercises.

1. Explain line 6: "Exceeding peace . . . bold."
2. What is the lesson taught by the poem? Why did Ben Adhem's name lead all the rest?

LUCY GRAY

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

“To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow.”

“That, Father! will I gladly do:
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!”

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot-band;
He plied his work;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb:¹
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried,
“In heaven we all shall meet”;
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy’s feet.

¹ Pron. to rhyme with “time”. (b is silent).

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

NOTES

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850), one of the greatest of English poets, reveals throughout his poems a deep love of Nature, of children and of simple rustic life. He lived in the Lake District with his sister for many years, and shared the joys and sorrows of the peasants and village folk around him. His best work was done here, before 1805. Prominent among his philosophical poems are: "The Prelude", "Tintern Abbey", and "Ode on Intimations of Immortality". Among the poems on children are "We Are Seven", "The Affliction of Margaret", and "Lucy Gray". He continued to write verse of a mixed quality, and was made Poet Laureate in 1843 on Southey's death. He held this office for seven years, but was by this time a spent force in literature. Wordsworth died on 23rd April, 1850.

"Lucy Gray" was written in 1799 and published the following year. It is a good example of a poem written in the simplest language, describing a sad accident that happened to a village girl.

the sweetest . . . door: i.e. she was the sweetest child in any house.

spy: to observe, or see. The word in this sense is archaic and poetical. In modern English it means "observe secretly, generally with hostile motives".

But the sweet face . . . be seen: The following stanzas tell us why her face "will never more be seen".

Notice the abrupt opening of the story, without any introduction or even names. This is a feature of old story poems, called ballads.

minster-clock: the clock in the church. (Minster: a church. Distinguish this from "minister": an officer of the State, or a clergyman.)

yonder is the moon: In winter it gets dark quite early in the afternoon in England, and the pale moon could be seen at two o'clock.

hook: a curved instrument with a cutting edge, used by farmers.

faggot-band: the piece of string with which a bundle of twigs or fire-wood (faggot) is tied.

wanton: sportive and lighthearted.

The three lines 26–28 give a fine picture of the happy girl romping across the snow to fetch her mother.

tracked: traced or “followed”.

And further there were none: It is not openly said in the poem that Lucy fell into the brook and was drowned.

This line leaves it to be inferred by the reader. Notice the restrained tone of the poem, which is satisfied with bare statement, and leaves the rest to the imagination.

Yet some maintain . . . child: i.e. the superstition, easily believed by the simple rustic mind, that the ghost of Lucy still wanders across the wild moor.

lonesome: desolate, solitary.

Exercises.

1. Write down the meanings of the following words: moor, spy, hook, faggot, ply (vb.), wanton, blithe, track (vb.).
2. Explain the phrases: ‘ply one’s work (or trade), “neither sound nor sight”, “lonesome wild”, “trip along”.
3. Paraphrase the last two stanzas, bringing out their meaning.
4. Write the story of Lucy Gray in your own words.

LADY CLARE

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:
Lovers long-betroth'd were they:
They two will wed the morrow morn:
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thank'd!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"

Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"

"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,

"I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;

I speak the truth, as I live by bread!

I buried her like my own sweet child,

And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,

O mother," she said, "if this be true,

To keep the best man under the sun

So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,

"But keep the secret for your life,

And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,

When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,

"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.

Pull off, pull off, the brooch¹ of gold,

And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,

"But keep the secret all ye can."

She said, "Not so: but I will know

If there be any faith in man."

¹ Pron. to rhyme with "coach".

“Nay now, what faith?” said Alice the nurse,
“The man will cleave unto his right.”
“And he shall have it,” the lady replied,
“Tho’ I should die to-night.”

“Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinn’d for thee.”
“O mother, mother, mother,” she said,
“So strange it seems to me.

“Yet here’s a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go.”

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden’s hand,
And follow’d her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
“O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?”

"If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and in deed.
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

O and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn:
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood:
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood—

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

LORD TENNYSON

NOTES

LORD TENNYSON (1809-1892), the most famous English poet of the last century, first made his name with two volumes: *Poems by Two Brothers* (1827) and *Poems, chiefly Lyrical* (1830). These were followed by more poems, some of them being the finest he ever wrote, such as "Oenone", "The Lotos-Eaters", "Morte d'Arthur" and "Ulysses". His most ambitious works were *In Memoriam* and *Idylls of the King*. "His delicacy and crystalline charm, his dignified and melodious utterance, will always endear him to English men and women" (Compton Rickett).

"Lady Clare" appeared in the second of the two volumes of poems published in 1842. The story is narrated in the form of an ancient ballad and tells of the true love of Lord Ronald for his cousin, Lady Clare.

It was . . . blow: i.e. the spring season (blow: blossom).

trow: is an archaic word, used rarely even in poetry, meaning "to think, or believe".

weds with me: the preposition "with" is uncommon and obsolete. To say "he married with her" is a common mistake among students, and should be avoided. The use of the word "wed" for "marry" is poetical and should not be imitated in modern English prose.

out of your mind: mad.

as I live by bread: a form of mild oath, put in, partly, to rhyme with "stead".

all ye can: "as well as you can".

Nay now . . . right: The sense of the lines is:

It is not a question of faith at all. A man will naturally hold firmly that which belongs to him.

cleave unto: to hold fast (p. cleaved, clave; pp. cleaved).

Distinguish this word from "cleave": to split or break (p. clove or cleft; pp. cloven or cleft).

russet gown: gown made of coarse brownish or grey cloth, worn by peasants.

Play me no tricks: "me" is used reflexively; and could be omitted in prose order.

riddle . . . read: "read" means here "interpret"; cf. "read the omens," or read one's hand (as a palmist).

Exercises.

1. Give the meanings of the following words:
doe, betrothed, cleave, russet, down (noun),
riddle, trow.
2. Explain the following phrases:
to come round, out of one's mind, next in blood,
"shame your worth".
3. Re-write stanza 19 in prose in indirect speech.
4. Narrate the story of "Lady Clare" in your own words.

HOHENLINDEN

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser,¹ rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed
Each horseman drew his 'battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

¹ Pron. "Eezer".

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye Brave
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!
 Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part, where many meet!
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

NOTES

THOMAS CAMPBELL (pron. "Tomas") (1777-1844) was born in Glasgow and educated at the University in his native town. He wrote several experimental poems, but found his favourite vein in rhetorical verse in which he sang of warlike subjects. "He is a spirited and impressive song-writer, in the realm of 'battle, murder and sudden death'."

He is remembered for some splendid war-poems, such as "The Battle of the Baltic", "The Soldier's Dream", "Hohenlinden", "Ye Mariners of England", etc.

"Hohenlinden" was written in 1801 soon after the famous French victory over the Austrians in December, 1800, near the village of Hohenlinden, in Bavaria. The French captured as many as 10,000 prisoners.

Linden: short for Hohenlinden. Hohenlinden means "High lime-trees".

Iser: The River Iser which runs through Bavaria is at least twelve miles from Hohenlinden. Probably Campbell did not know that it was so far away.

ripen: struck or split. This is an archaic word, pp. of "rive", not often used except in poetry.

dun: dark or dusky. Literally it means greyish-brown in colour.

furious Frank and fiery Hun: Frank and Hun are rather loosely used for the French and the Austrians. During the War of 1914-18, the word "Huns" was used for the Germans.

sulphurous canopy: The cloud of smoke and fire raised by the cannons was like a canopy or roof-like covering smelling of sulphur (i.e. gunpowder) under which the soldiers fought and shouted.

Munich: This city, on the banks of the Iser, had been captured by the French earlier in the year.

chivalry: horsemen or cavalry.

part: used in the archaic sense of "depart" or leave. i.e. "Few shall depart or go back alive".

winding-sheet: cloth which is wound round a corpse; a shroud.

Exercises.

1. Give the meanings of the following words:
array, neigh, riven, artillery, yon, dun, sulphurous, banner, chivalry, sepulchre.
2. What does the poet mean by the following expressions?
fires of death, dreadful revelry, sulphurous canopy, stained snow, war-clouds rolling dun.
3. Describe the scene presented by Hohenlinden before and after the battle.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride—
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spake the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief, I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

“And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode arméd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“O haste thee, haste!” the lady cries,
“Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.”

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade
 His child he did discover;—
 One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
 And one was round her lover.

“Come back! come back!” he cried in grief,
 “Across this stormy water:
 And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,
 My daughter!—Oh, my daughter!”

’Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
 Return or aid preventing:
 The waters wild went o’er his child,
 And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

NOTES

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777–1844); see notes on “Hohenlinden”.

The ballad, “Lord Ullin’s Daughter” was finished in 1804, after Campbell had worked at it for nearly nine years. The tragic events narrated here took place on the west coast of Scotland. The small island of Ulva is separated from the large island of Mull (which lies between it and the coast of Argyll) by Lochgyle, an arm of the sea, about two miles wide.

Highlands: The mountainous districts in the north of Scotland. Southern Scotland is described as the Lowlands. The history of the country is full of raids and fighting between the chieftains of the Highlands and those of the Lowlands.

silver pound: i.e. one pound sterling, the English coin, as distinguished from the "pound Scots" which was one-twelfth of the English coin.

Lochgyle: the lake, which was an arm of the sea, and separated the islet of Ulva from the west coast of Mull. By crossing this the chief escapes from the Lowlands and reaches his own island.

Lord Ullin: a chieftain of the Lowlands, whose daughter has eloped with the chief of Ulva, and is pursued by her father and his men.

wight: man, or person. It is an archaic word, and is no longer used.

water-wraith: The word "wraith" means the spirit or ghost of a person which is supposed to be visible shortly before or after his death. The phrase here means, "the spirit of the lake". The howling of the wind and storm sounded like the cry of the spirit of the lake.

scowl of Heaven: the darkening of the sky, due to the coming storm, is poetically called "the scowl (=frown) of Heaven". This poetic figure of making a natural object, like the sky, express human emotion, is called by Ruskin "the pathetic fallacy".

fast prevailing: growing rapidly stronger.

Exercises.

1. Give the meanings of the following words:
tarry, glen, heather, wight, winsome, bonny, drear, lash.
2. Explain the following phrases and expressions:
hard behind us, the bonny bird, water-wraith, scowl of Heaven.
3. Write the story of Lord Ullin's Daughter in your own words.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

Th' unwearied Sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?

In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

JOSEPH ADDISON

NOTES

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719) is one of the greatest essayists in English literature, his best-known work being found in his contributions to the periodical, *The Spectator*, which was largely his creation. So perfect was his prose style that Dr. Johnson considered that whoever wished to attain an elegant English style "must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison". Among his *Spectator* essays, those dealing with the imaginary Sir Roger de Coverley are perhaps the most interesting.

Besides his essays, Addison wrote *Cato*, a tragic play, and a few poems, of which "The Campaign" is the most ambitious. The poem selected here was first published in *The Spectator*, and, as Addison says, is based upon Psalm xix: "The Heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. . . . There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard", etc.

firmament: a poetical word for the sky. According to ancient astronomy, it is the outer sphere upon which the stars are fixed. The word has a wide meaning here, and includes the sky and the stars.

ethereal: lit. "made of, or resembling, ether". Here, a more general sense of heavenly or celestial.

spangled: adorned or studded with stars (cf. the phrase "star-spangled banner", the flag of the U.S.A.).

Spangle: a small piece of shining metal, or other material, used as ornament.

Original: the word was commonly used in the past for "origin", though this use was dying out in Addison's

days. Here it means "Creator". The idea is that the sky and the stars have their origin or source in God.

What though in solemn silence: but compare Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, V, i:

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings."

The idea of "the music of the spheres" as a reality had died out by Addison's time.

dark terrestrial ball: the earth.

Exercises.

1. Give the meanings of the words:
firmament, ethereal, spangled, terrestrial, radiant.
2. Explain ll 11-12, "And nightly . . . of her birth".
3. What is meant by "In Reason's ear they all rejoice"?
4. Explain the thought of the poem in your own words.

THE ROYAL TOMBS OF GOLCONDA

I MUSE among these silent fanes
Whose spacious darkness guards your dust;
Around me sleep the hoary plains
That hold your ancient wars in trust.
I pause, my dreaming spirit hears,
Across the winds' unquiet tides,
The glimmering music of your spears,
The laughter of your royal brides.

In vain, O Kings, doth time aspire
To make your names oblivion's sport,
While yonder hill wears like a tiar
The ruined grandeur of your fort.
Though centuries falter and decline,
Your proven strongholds shall remain
Embodied memories of your line,
Incarnate legends of your reign.

O Queens, in vain old Fate decreed
Your flower-like bodies to the tomb;
Death is in truth the vital seed
Of your imperishable bloom.
Each new-born year the bulbuls sing
Their songs of your renascent loves;

Your beauty wakens with the spring
To kindle these pomegranate groves.

SAROJINI NAIDU:
(From *The Golden Threshold*)

NOTES

SAROJINI NAIDU (b. 1879) was born at Hyderabad. Her father, Dr. Aghorenath Chattopadhyay, was a learned Professor of Chemistry at the Nizam College, Hyderabad. At the age of twelve, Sarojini Naidu went to England and was at King's College, London, and later at Girton, Cambridge.

Her first collection of poems, *The Golden Threshold*, was published in 1906. This was followed by *The Bird of Time* (1912) and *The Broken Wing* (1917). Writing about her poetry, Sir Edmund Gosse says, "Indeed, I am not disinclined to believe that she is the most brilliant, the most original, as well as the most correct of all the natives of Hindustan who have written in English".

It is a pity that for some years now she has forsaken poetry for politics. We might say of her as Goldsmith said of Burke that she is one

"Who born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind."

The selected poem is from the volume, *The Golden Threshold*, and is written about the tombs of the kings of the Qutub Shahi dynasty who once ruled Hyderabad. Their tombs and the ruins of their fort at Golconda, existing to this day, are noble remains of a noble period.

fanés: poetical word for "temple" or "shrine": here used figuratively for the tombs.

That hold . . . trust: "Upon which can still be seen records, in the shape of ruins and other relics, of the

wars fought by the kings of old." "To hold in trust": to possess or safeguard.

To make . . . sport: "To make your names forgotten."

oblivion: being forgotten. "Sport" is used in the sense of "plaything".

yonder hill: from the tombs of the Qutub Shahi kings, one sees the hillock upon which is built the fort of Golconda.

tiar: short for "tiara", an ornamental head-dress (pronounced to rhyme with "hire". Tiara is pronounced "tī-āra.")

proven: is originally a past participle of "prove" (cf. cleave, cloven) but is used poetically as an adjective meaning "tried, tested".

Embodied . . . your reign: "This fort will be the living evidence of the stories and memories of your lives and rule."

Death is . . . bloom: "Your beauty and freshness cannot be destroyed (it is imperishable). Though you are dead, your beauty expresses itself in the loveliness of Nature around your tombs." The poet imagines that the beauty of the flowers and fruit-trees, and the songs of birds in the garden round the tombs, are new forms of the beauty of the queens buried there. Hence their death is "the seed" from which this new beauty is born.

renascent: reborn. The loves of the dead queens are reborn in the songs of the birds.

To kindle . . . groves: the beauty of the dead queens is reborn every spring, and shows itself in the flowers of the garden, such as the blossoms of the pomegranate trees.

Appreciation.

Notice the transition of thought in the three stanzas. In the first, the poetess, standing amidst the tombs, remembers the olden days when the kings and queens lived and ruled. In the second stanza, she addresses the kings and speaks of the fort as a lasting evidence of their

glory. In the third stanza, she addresses the queens and says that the beauty of the garden round the tombs is a new expression of their beauty and perfection.

Exercises.

1. Give the meanings of the following words:
 fanés, hoary, oblivion, tiar, grandeur, proven,
 vital, renascent.
2. Write the meanings of the expressions:
 “hold your ancient wars in trust”, “make your
 names oblivion’s sport”, “centuries falter and de-
 cline”.
3. Explain fully the meaning of lines 19-20 (“Death
 is in truth . . . bloom”).
4. Give in your own words the substance of the thoughts
 provoked in the poet’s mind by the tombs of Golconda.

